

the **LINK**

November 1958

ALONE--BUT NOT LONELY

4 WAYS TO DIE

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

20¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



Challenge

Your rice-bowl is empty, little brother,
Your hands are blue from the cold.
Your face is a map of terror and pain,
Old as mankind is old.

Men launch their miracles, little brother,
They send their rockets up,
But should it not be their first concern
To fill your empty cup?

Men try to reach the moon, little brother,
To lasso outer space,
But would they not come closer to God
If they wiped the pain from your face?

—LUCIA TRENT

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A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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STORIES

THE MAJOR AND THE MIRACLE	John C. De Witt	13
4 WAYS TO DIE	Edward J. Donovan	28
ARTIST'S MODEL	Margaret Anderson	45

ARTICLES

THANKSGIVING REVERIE	M. S.	3
SAGA OF THE PASTEURIS	Maurice Moyal	5
ALONE—BUT NOT LONELY	Jan Walker	10
INCIDENT IN AUTUMN	Sewell E. Masoncup	19
RE-CREATE OR 'WRECK-CREATE'	Robert Elfers	21
SEABEE-SCOUT DAY		24
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT	Alden L. Thompson	32
"I AM GLAD YOU YET REMEMBER . . ."	William P. Buttler	38
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH	Frederick W. Helfer	42
GET INTO THE ACT	Arnold Porter	50
DAD FOR A DAY	Marc Wahn	53
APOSTLE OF CLEAN LIVING	Glenn D. Everett	54

OTHER FEATURES

LETTER FROM COMMANDING DEVIL	R. G. Hutcheson, Jr.	27
LETTER FROM HOME	Minnie May Lewis	35
CROSTIC	Willard S. Smith	36
THE LINK SATELLITE		57
THE LINK CALENDAR		60
HELPS FOR LAY LEADERS		61
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS		63
AT EASE!		64

COVERS

Front: GI brotherly love bubbles forth in the Orient. Art work by John Crandall.

Back: Tree design on the Seventeen-Mile Drive of the Monterey Coast, near Carmel, California. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: "Challenge," poem by Lucia Trent.

Inside Back: Young leprosy patients caught in an early stage of the disease. For them there is hope due to the work of WHO (World Health Organization) and Christian concern. Photo by WHO.

ART WORK: Inside story illustrations by John Crandall.



Your Thanksgiving Hymn

"Lord of all, to Thee we raise, this our hymn of grateful praise." If you were writing a Thanksgiving hymn, what lines would you include? For what are you thankful in 1958?

Those words from the Declaration of Independence express my gratitude—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

I am grateful for life. It is something God-given—physical life as well as spiritual life. As a Christian, I have abundant life—and that's something vastly different from a life of abundance.

I am grateful for liberty. I live in a land where men are free. But I also have spiritual freedom for I've found Christ and he releases man from the bondage of sin.

I am grateful for the pursuit of happiness. Happiness comes from living for others, from friendships, from home, from fellowship with the living God—and these are mine!

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald.

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All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

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Thanksgiving Reverie

By M. S.

YES, "Granny" is what my neighbors call me, but I assure myself today that the name has only improving implications, nothing more. The children no longer come for cookies; the women do not come to sew. My house is too far away. No, I am poor and deaf, alone and old.

Tonight I sit thinking of Thanksgiving which is nearly here. I ask myself, "What am I most thankful for?" Well, it cannot be a host of friends, for friends come seldom to see me; few have the patience. It is tedious, I know, to write a whole conversation on a pad—or even half a conversation. Thoughts are apt to come fast, helter-skelter, head-over-heels.

Alone! Were it not for Pussy here, I would be unbearably lonely; but she hovers near all day long, tells me she loves me (or loves my good food) and every evening keeps me company. In her mute but sympathetic fashion she understands and never fails me.

Yes, I am alone—all my family is gone—every one; but they are so near in thought and so dear to my heart that I am really not alone.

Tonight, Thanksgiving celebrations of the past come back to me. I see quiet Johnny with his raisins piled on one side of his plate for one deliciously satisfying mouthful of mince pie. I see eager Jimmie, who could never get enough turkey



dressing, with his insistent demand, "More dressing! More dressing, Mother!" I see bright-eyed Dora, clapping her hands, "I want the wish-bone! Wish-bone, please, Dad." I recall Thanksgiving evenings with a boisterous candy-pull; and after the candy-pull, just pop corn and milk. Happy, happy Thanksgiving days!

HERE, near to these woods, I have had no harvesting, no in-gathering of crops, no corn, no red ears, no big yellow pumpkins, no luscious red apples. I have no harvest to be thankful for. I have been too poor to travel, too deaf to hear, too old to see well.

I ask myself again, "What am I most thankful for?" The answer comes. Because I am so rich! Yes, I know I am poor. But I am very rich in God's bounty month by month, rich in his presence in the breeze and in the rain. I am rich in the velvety texture of the flowers and in their heavenly perfume: first, in the early Spring, the dainty arbutus hidden among the dead leaves, then the modest little violets, the audacious lilacs near the road, the confiding

roses near the wall. What wealth in my aloneness! The rugged hollyhocks—what a contradictory mixture of coarseness and loveliness—have nodded and talked to me about New England weather—the "beastly wind," the "ugly clouds," the "loving sunshine." I have understood them without needing ears to hear their words. Finally, the asters and goldenrods have told me day after day, "Thanksgiving is coming; it will soon be here." What delicacy, beauty, strength, and a whole spectrum of colors—reds, blues, pinks, lilacs, yellows and greens of various tints. What wealth!

I sit and muse:

I have seen God's prodigality in color.

I have felt his power in the warm sunshine and in the thunder.

I have seen his majesty in the sunset.

And in my heart I feel his presence every day.

Yes, I am thankful, most thankful, at this Thanksgiving time that God is a reality to me: in him "I live and move and have my being."

I am not afraid! ■ ■

WISE ROCKNE QUARTERBACK

One of the most fanciful plays that Knute Rockne devised for his Four Horsemen contingent was a slick maneuver which pulled both guards and the center out of the line to run interference. The lad who was supposed to protect the huge gap in the middle was his quarterback, Harry Stuhldreher.

"How did it work, Rock?" asked an interested fellow-coach.

"I don't know," answered the Old Master sadly. "You don't think Stuhldreher ever was silly enough to call that play, do you?"

—GENE LONGTINE

SAGA OF THE PASTEURIENS

By MAURICE MOYAL

BEHIND the glass door of the laboratory, I can catch a glimpse of a man who looks like a spaceman, pouring a colorless liquid in a glass phial. He strains it, weighs it on a small apparatus, jots down some notes, humming softly to himself.

Professor Camille Guérin disappears, to emerge minus his impressive outfit. Instead of a helmet, a black skullcap, in the purest style of the Nineteenth Century scientist, sits now on an angle atop his bald pate.

"That tuberculin affair gives off such obnoxious fumes that you've got to handle it with care," he tells me. "We use it for testing whether people are allergic to the BCG prior to administering them our anti-tuberculosis vaccine."

The room is bare, occupied only by a desk, two chairs and a little iron bedstead, a startling piece of furniture to encounter at the Paris Pasteur Institute. The scientist smiles: "I've moved my bed into my laboratory so I won't have to commute between home and research. I've got to push back the three to six years' relative immunity the BCG confers from TB

and devise new ways of administering it. When so much work remains to be done, you can't afford to lose a single second at eighty-five!"

I am startled to hear that this fine figure of a man is as old as that. With his twinkling sky-blue eyes, daringly curved nose and full red lips, he could easily pass for a sturdy and zestful sixty.

I do a little mental legwork. Oh, yes, the BCG—*Bacillus Calmette-Guérin*—was released for general use in 1924. It took Professor Calmette and his associate twenty-five years to accomplish that. Thus, Camille Guérin belongs to the second generation of Pasteur's disciples and must have known the great French microbe hunter himself during his last years.

The lifework of the man before me has saved literally scores of millions of lives in preventing the spreading like wildfire of TB after World War II. The U.S. Army and the United Nations' Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) administered Guérin's treatment to forty-seven million children and young adults in Japan, the

Middle-East, Central Europe, North Africa, Latin America and to the U.S. Indians, cutting down by better than 80 per cent the incidence of TB among them. Currently, one hundred million more are being immunized in India.

"Professor Guérin, you are one of the greatest benefactors of mankind!" I can't help exclaiming.

In his Christian humility, the young-hearted old man is so embarrassed at my admiration that he hastens to draw my attention to the achievements of other Pasteuriens. Pointing in turn to every portrait lining his study, he says: "See Drs. Durand and Giroux? Millions of ex-POWs and DP's are alive today who would not have been but for their effective anti-typhus vaccine. Professor Ramon? Of the fifty million Allied servicemen given his tetanus tox-

oid, only *three* died from the dread infection, which used to claim such large numbers among the wounded in all previous wars.

"Dr. Emile-Roux? He curbed diphtheria and created serotherapy, paving the way for modern preventive medicine. Professor LéPine? He has devitalized all three strains of polio-viruses to the point where his brand-new vaccine can create immunity, without causing true polio."

UPON a shelf, a bust of Louis Pasteur occupies the place of honor. The fine features reflect an unconquerable mental and moral force and an indomitable will power. If the jutting jaws and chin are those of a fighter, that mighty forehead must have harbored the dreams of a visionary poet.

It is sixty-nine years ago that those

Louis Pasteur and his disciples. Picture taken in 1895 in the course of the last year of his life. Pasteur is in the middle.



eyes first fell upon Camille Guérin, kindling in his soul a fire that he has been passing on to two successive generations of scientists. A boy, he had gone to Dole, a townlet in eastern France, to view the dedication, as a national shrine, of the humble house which saw the birth of Pasteur. There, before students and school-children, the death-fighter outlined his philosophy:

"Happy he who bears within him God, an ideal of beauty, and remains ever true to them! Ideals of science, ideals of country, ideals of Jesus' virtues. These are the fountain-heads of noble thoughts and great deeds. They all reflect the light of the Infinite."

Sixty-two years after Pasteur's death, his selfless sense of dedication is still inspiring the same sacrifices among the third generation of his disciples. For, despite the big risks

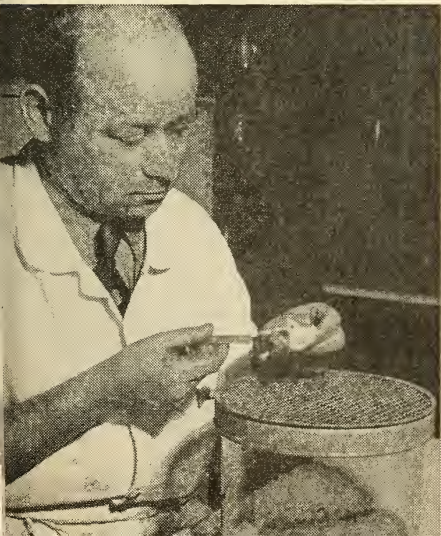
involved in a rough-and-tumble fight with death, dangers of life in primitive overseas surroundings, and comparatively poor financial rewards, there has never been a dearth of devoted young men, eager to follow in his footsteps.

To Cairo and Maracaibo, to Bombay and Mandalay, to whatever hole the world over was prey to epidemics, his medical sleuths have rushed to track down the man-killing microbes.

On foot, on horse, burro, and camel-back, in dugouts, they have made their way into the steppes of Central Asia and the primeval forests of Central Africa; into the jungles of Yucatan and the deadly swamps of New Guinea. And, along their way, they have amassed a wealth of ideas on the ills that affect the health of the people there.

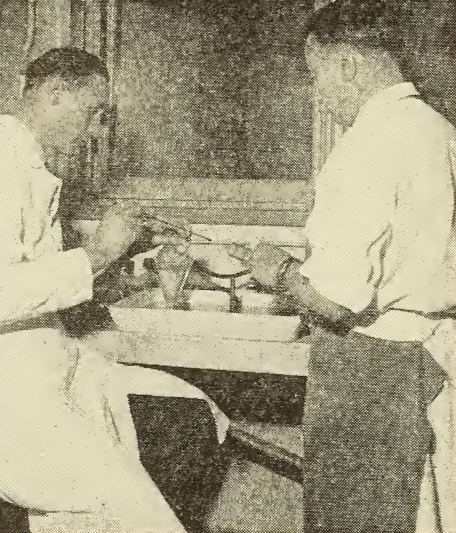
But, in the process, how many

A Pasteurien injecting a new vaccine into the peritoneum of a white mouse.



This Pasteurien takes a lumbar puncture at the Brazzaville Pasteur Institute.





Transferring TB germs into the test tubes for the production of tuberculin.

promising young scientists have succumbed to the very scourges they were combatting! So that others might live, Dr. Tellier died from cholera in Egypt, and Dr. Wollman from typhus in Germany. A single outbreak of yellow jack at Dakar cost twenty-one Pasteuriens out of twenty-six.

But their sacrifices were not in vain. In 1881, Dr. Lavéran discovered the blood parasite accounting for malaria, to evolve subsequently a cure for sleeping sickness. In 1894, at the height of a plague epidemic at Hong Kong, Professor Yersin isolated the bacillus at its roots, permitting Dr. Gérard to come up with a vaccine preventing its recurrence. Dr. Laigret is responsible for an effective yellow fever vaccine.

"A little science
estranges us
from God;
much science
draws us far
closer to Him."

SO as to carry out research work more conveniently on the spot, the Pasteuriens have established twenty-six overseas branches of the Paris Pasteur Institute, blanketing four continents. Those at Rio de Janeiro, Guatemala City, Cayenne, in French Guiana, Fort-de-France and Pointe-à-Pitre in the Caribbean, serve the New World.

Each branch mainly concentrates on one specific local scourge, turning out the vaccines or serums needed for inoculation against it. Thanks to mass inoculations, the plague will be soon a medical curiosity in Madagascar, yellow jack and sleeping sickness a bad memory in Central Africa.

"In the house that Louis Pasteur built, we don't care *who* you are, but *what* you are," as Professor Guérin puts its.

This house is a non-profit, non-governmental scientific foundation. All vaccines, serums, and drugs developed by its staff are not patented; they are sold at cost.

His house belongs to the whole of mankind: was it not set up by international subscription, still in his lifetime? When he evolved his anti-rabies treatment, the bitten from many lands began arriving at the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris, where he supervised the teaching of science.

Thus, the world learned with indignation that the "laboratory" of its benefactor was situated in two tiny, hot garrets, which he had to enter on his knees, much of the floor-space being eaten up by a mammoth boiler.

Afterwards, from the four corners of the earth, contributions came rushing in, giving Pasteur and his pupils the means to enlarge greatly the scope of their good work. When the Paris Institute was inaugurated in 1888, it included five laboratories for the use of thirteen scientists. Now, it is made up of twenty-five departments, with ninety laboratories, at which well over one thousand researchers devote their lives to the betterment of their fellow men. When a few drops make a dose, they turn out yearly one hundred thou-

The main entrance to the Paris Pasteur Institute. In front, the marble bust of Louis Pasteur.



sand gallons of vaccines and serums. Many more millions of gallons are stored here, just in case of an emergency arising anywhere the world over.

The Pasteuriens have devoted a good deal of time and research to curbing the ills the animal flesh is heir to. They have transformed farming, with their effective treatment of the foot-and-mouth disease; of bilharzia adversely affecting cattle in tropical countries; of piroplasmoses. They have saved countless sheep from rot, pigs from porcine fever, horses from encephalitis and even camels from sleeping sickness! It was in their efforts in preserving cows from tuberculosis—and babies dying in their thousands from deadly milk-borne infections—that Professors Calmette and Guérin evolved the BCG.

The deep Christian humility of Professor Guérin and of all Pasteuriens is a direct legacy of their master. Great as a soul-kindler, a man, a scientist, and as the benefactor of mankind, Louis Pasteur felt very small and very humble in the presence of the mysteries of life and death. The key to his profoundly noble life and that of the Pasteuriens may be seen in these significant words:

"A little science estranges us from God; much science draws us far closer to Him." ■ ■

The difference between man and the animals is that man is, or should be, aware that there is more to life than begin, beget and be gone.

—IMOGENE FEY

Alone—But Not Lonely

By JAN C. WALKER

A MAN doesn't give in to the urge to cry easily, yet I could see that the young airman whose hand I clasped was on the verge of tears. Though this young man was on a military base which numbered in excess of 20,000 persons—he was lonely! He explained that a hometown friend of his had been assigned recently to another station; and since his friend's departure, he felt like a tiny cork set adrift on a vast ocean.

Loneliness—A Common Enemy

I have yet to meet a man who would claim that he had never been lonely. Homesickness is a form of loneliness often met in service life and sometimes in a rather severe form. But as universal and severe as loneliness is, it normally is overcome. Before loneliness can be fought, however, you must learn to know the enemy which you fight.

The dictionary defines a lonely person as one who is without company. Nobody would dispute such a definition, but surely this is not the whole truth. The airman who confessed his loneliness to me was surrounded by more than 20,000 persons. Loneliness means not only the absence of persons, but the absence of persons whom you *love*.

It was the absence of loved ones that made this airman feel like an insignificant cork floating on a limitless, restless, cold ocean. The constant desire of people to be with those whom they love indicates that the specter of loneliness visits all men and not just the unfortunate few.

Loneliness Is a Teacher

None of us likes to experience pain; nevertheless, pain is a blessing in disguise for it is a warning that some harmful change is occurring to our body. When we burn our fingers on a stove we immediately withdraw them and thus save ourselves permanent injury. Pain is a type of warning system which God built into man.

This warning system extends beyond the physical realm. What causes a man who has stolen from his neighbor to confess his act and return the articles which were stolen? It is the pain of guilt. This distressing experience warns us that we are not living as our Creator intended us to, and consequently acts as a goad to right behavior and living.

The pain of loneliness is also a warning from God that life is out

of joint. Man was not created so that he could be perfectly happy living in solitude and being concerned only about himself. In order to grow to full stature, man must love and be loved.

A few years ago some social scientists found a young girl living with wolves. She was hostile to people when first found, could not speak, and in many ways acted like an animal. After patient and loving care, she learned to speak and treat other people as would any normal child. This is, of course, an extreme case, but it does point to the fact that we become the type of person we are in relationship to other people.

It is the love and care that other people have shown us that has helped mold us into the persons we are today. This means that however far you travel, you can never outdistance the effect that your loved ones have had upon you. Perhaps it will also teach us in a little deeper way to appreciate all that others have done for us.

Overcoming Loneliness

Though a person may deeply appreciate his indebtedness to his loved ones and when apart from them keep in contact by letter or phone, this is still not sufficient to dispel the pangs of loneliness. It is simply impossible to perform the normal duty requirements placed upon us each day if our thoughts and feelings are entirely directed toward people who are somewhere else. To attempt this would lead us to the same drastic results which befell Walter Mitty, who, while he was day-dreaming,

walked into a lamp post. The key to dispelling loneliness lies in large measure in each person's attitude toward the people he meets each day.

The airman who felt alone while among 20,000 people didn't remain in this state, I am certain. Undoubtedly, he found others who felt just as he did, and before long they unashamedly shared their feelings with each other. Soon they began to share their lives. In doing so, each became richer for the experience and stronger.

Many years ago a humble and devout Christian named St. Francis of Assisi crystallized this experience in a few words of a prayer when he said, "It is in giving that we receive." It is not sufficient for a lonely person to sit by himself and bemoan his lot. Loneliness is best overcome by taking the initiative.

Power From Above

Many centuries ago, a forlorn group of eleven men huddled together in the security of a room on the second floor of an unpretentious Palestinian house. These men had been devoted followers of an unusual prophet, teacher, and miracle worker who claimed to be the Son of God.

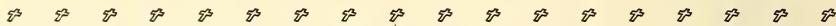
This leader, whose name was Jesus, had given his disciples a message of love and redemption which they were to proclaim not only in the synagogues, but also in the highways and byways of life. This message was not just for good people, but for all people, in whatever condition they were to be found. Al-

though such a precious mission had been entrusted to them, they were not carrying it out—because without their leader whom the Jews had crucified, they were lonely and afraid.

Had these chosen eleven remained in this lonely and immobile condition, all the blessings which flow from the Christian faith would have been lost to the world. But they did not remain in such a state. They went forward with a message of love despite opposition and even persecution, and they were no longer

lonely for they remembered the words of their living Lord, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

A Christian of the Twentieth Century is as much a disciple of Christ as was the Apostle Peter. The promise of strength and companionship from above is a promise to you. If you trust in Christ, you will always experience the love of One Who does not fail; and as his love flows through you to others, the pangs of loneliness will be left behind.

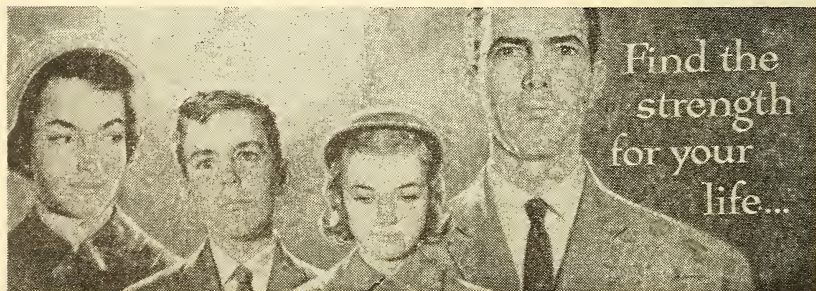


GO TO CHURCH

Find the Strength for Your Life

NOVEMBER is now the month in America when Religion in American Life (RIAL) goes all out to sell the American people on the importance of regular church attendance. Below is a reproduction of a poster that will appear in brilliant color on more than 6,000 billboards, 90,000 car cards in buses, streetcars and trains, on posters on the sides of buildings, and the like.

Indeed, one does find the strength for his life by regular worship attendance at the church of his choice. The church teaches one of God, inspires to finer living, and preaches the gospel of Jesus Christ.



The C.O., Major Mule, "The Old Mule," didn't believe in miracles and then the unexpected happened . . .

The Major and the Miracle

By JOHN C. DE WITT

HANNIBAL TUTT was tall and rawboned with a long face to match. His movements were awkward, his shoulders stooped. Only his eyes gave hint of the strength of the inner man. The shagginess of his brows accented their depth and color.

He said, "I am Chaplain Tutt, ordered to report to you, Major Muller. I left my commission with your order."

The major ignored his outstretched hand. He was a solid man of medium height with only a fringe of hair left above his ears in spite of being still young. His lips were thin. "You may as well know at the outset, Mr. Tutt. This having a minister attached to my troops was not my idea. You men of God should be in church, not in the army."

Hannibal's heart sank and his shoulders drooped still further. "I am glad," he said low-voiced, "that General Washington does not share your views."

The major settled back into his camp chair. "Your duties will be

simple, Mr. Tutt. You are to hold services every Sunday the troops are in camp. You may visit the sick daily. That is all."

Hannibal was so taken aback he could not keep still. "What about the men who wish counsel and comfort and spiritual teaching and—"

Bounding out of his chair, Major Muller stuck a pudgy finger against Hannibal's nose. "I permit no coddling of the troops, Mr. Tutt. At the first sign of interference into affairs which don't concern you, I'll have your resignation. Get that through your head right now. And if you don't like it, you are free to resign this moment."

Hannibal swallowed hard. At all cost he must avoid a fight with his commanding officer. He kept his voice under control. "I volunteered for duty with the Continental Army, Major Muller, because I had heard that chaplains were sorely needed. Your hostility is a cross I will have to bear. But I will bear it, Major, not walk away and leave it."

The other smiled thinly. "Very

good. We understand each other, Mr. Tutt. The orderly will show you to your tent."

FOLLOWING the orderly down the muddy camp road, Hannibal had the feeling of being marooned. His friends were left behind in Philadelphia. His new life in the army had started poorly. He felt the curious stares of the soldiers while his mind still rankled under Muller's goading.

He had hoped to have a tent to himself. Certainly they were designed for single occupancy. Surely the talks between a soldier and his chaplain should be private. Regardless of his wishes, he must share the tent with this older man who introduced himself as Doctor Sharp and added quickly: "You may call me Sawbones like everybody else."

The doctor was possessed of an enormous nose and ears rigged to catch the wind. When he talked, he jerked continually at one ear or the other. And when he listened, he stroked the huge nose. Hannibal wondered how a doctor could be so untidy. And he was pretty sure the gleam in the old fellow's eyes was not kindness but cynicism.

When Hannibal had introduced himself, Sawbones said, "I reckon the Old Mule figured a little piety might rub off on me what with a chaplain sharing the tent."

"The Old Mule?"

"Well, Major Mule to you, Reverend. We happen to be blessed with the stubbornest major in the Continental Army. There are thirty-two officers attached to this outfit, not

counting you. They tell me the provisioning officer provides thirty-one rations and one bale of hay. You take that cot yonder."

"How long do you estimate we'll stay encamped?"

"We should have moved today. We're stuck out here all by ourselves across the river from the main body. The redcoats ain't without their own scouts and spies, you know. If they can bring up a force from anywhere, they'll wipe out our whole outfit. But the Old Mule said he'd have to stay one more day till our own scouts could get back with a report on the British troops and disposition."

Hannibal worried at the thought of battle so soon. Not that he was afraid. His faith in his Maker was unbounded. The call had been clear to give up the comfortable church in Philadelphia and endure the hardships so many of the young men in his congregation were suffering.

A letter to his cousin, John Hancock, had been enough. His appointment had been forwarded promptly.

He was discouraged that the first two officers he had met were hostile to him and the mission he had given up so much to perform. The doctor's skepticism was veiled behind the amused eyes. But it was there. Never would Hannibal admit how he hated to be called "Reverend." If they refused to call him Chaplain, then "Mr. Tutt" was many notches better than "Reverend."

SAWBONES introduced him to the other officers at the evening meal. Without exception they acted glad that he was among them. Why,

he asked himself, couldn't one of them have been the major? Why must he be subordinate to a man who thought that preachers should stay in church?

After dinner he went for a walk around the camp. Aside from the sentries on post and the sight of an occasional soldier cleaning his musket the scene was peaceful. The white tents were pitched on the side of a hill in random fashion. At this time of the year the dogwood was in full blossom, the whiteness of its bloom blending in perfect harmony with the white canvas of the tents.

Back at the tent a soldier was waiting for him, a soldier he had known when he was a member of the congregation of the church back in Philadelphia, John Eager. But this was a different John than he had

known. He was gaunt and pale, probably from the flux. His thin face was flushed with fever. His uniform was ragged and on his forearm was an open, ulcerating sore.

He said, "I need help bad, Mr.— Chaplain Tutt, I mean. I got word today from the neighbors that my wife, Jean, is sick. They've been taking care of the kids for over a week but Jean don't get no better."

"Why don't you ask for leave, John?"

"I did. But I had leave last month for plowing so they won't give me no more leave. The fellows say to go ahead and desert like everybody else but I ain't a quitter. But I got to get home."

Hannibal was grateful that he could comfort the man and soothe his spirit. They talked for a long



time in the guttering light of Sawbones' candle. And Sawbones was decent enough to lie on his cot with his eyes closed and pretend not to hear. After a while John Eager went back to his tent, leaving Hannibal fidgety and miserable.

He had promised to see Major Muller in John Eager's behalf.

He put his head in his hands and tried to think of a way to make the major see the urgency of sending the man home. It was no use. His mind seemed out of focus.

From the dimness Sawbones said, "You don't really think the Old Mule will give him more leave, do you? All that will happen if you see him is that the Mule will throw you out."

"I—I guess I'll pray. I'll pray harder than I ever have before. I've got to make the major see that John Eager's in no shape to fight no matter what comes."

Sawbones snorted. "You're looking for a miracle."

HANNIBAL was surprised that the major was still up. He had to wait in fact until a group of officers had left the major free.

Hannibal came to the point directly. "One of our men is having trouble at home. He needs leave to straighten out his affairs. He's too fine a man to desert like so many—"

"The answer is no," Major Muller interrupted curtly. He continued to talk but it was obvious that he was talking to himself rather than to Hannibal. "Our scouts have finally reported. The redcoats have moved a force up to within five miles of our position. They intend to attack in



the morning. If I try to move across the river tonight, I'll lose half my troops in the darkness. And if I wait till morning, I stand to lose the whole force in battle. The fact of the matter is the Congress and General Washington would understand a heavy loss to the British a lot better than they would a lighter loss in crossing a river in darkness."

He commenced pacing the short length of the tent. "Want to or not," he muttered, "I am committed to battle. Oh, I can start the withdrawal at dawn but I'm not such a fool as to think the British will allow me to get away." He appeared startled when he bumped against Hannibal. There was a period of silence. Then, mockingly: "Well, what do you suggest, Mr. Tutt?"

Hannibal waited a long minute before answering. "I'm not a military man, Major. I don't know the answer to your problem. But I do believe in prayer—"

"And I don't believe in miracles, Mr. Tutt," snapped the other.

"Not even when they happen?"

Major Muller waved his hand toward the tent flap. "Good night, Mr. Tutt," he said with finality.

Inwardly Hannibal seethed. In two situations in the same evening he had offered prayer as the only solution. At the time it had not seemed adequate even to him. Was his own faith faltering? He had to remind himself that nothing came easy in this life. Oh yes, he had been able to soothe John Eager. Yet the real solution was for the soldier to go home. And as for the major he had done nothing except irritate him.

NOTING dully that Sawbones was not in the tent, he removed his heavy shoes. Alone, he petitioned his Maker for miracles—to sway the major to grant John Eager leave, to sway the British commander not to attack their pitifully small force.

He could not sleep. In an hour or so he heard Sawbones return and climb onto the rickety cot. In another few minutes loud snores rattled the tent poles. Still he could not sleep.

Long before dawn the furious activity started. A long line of pickets formed up and took station on the outer flanks. Sawbones explained that they were the suicide force to slow up the British, giving the rest of the force time to prepare. Fully a third of the troops were busied in breaking camp and in bringing up large, flat-bottomed rafts.

In a fever of sweat and shouted commands the work continued for two hours without interruption. Already the first rafts were loaded with tents and wooden boxes and military gear and were being poled across the river. Sawbones gestured toward the departing rafts.

"See there, Reverend," he commented caustically. "If something has to be saved in the Continental Army, they make sure it's supplies and equipment. Men come last."

From the riverbank came John Eager, his ragged coat flapping about his elbows, his deepsunk eyes afire with fever and excitement. "They've gave me a discharge," he shouted, waving a piece of paper. "They've gave me a medical discharge. I can go home as soon as we're acrost the river." He grasped Hannibal's

hand. "How can I ever thank you, Mr. Tutt—I mean Chaplain Tutt?"

Starting, Hannibal shot a quick look at Sawbones. Before he could explain to John Eager, the soldier was gone, capering back to the riverbank like a school boy at recess time.

Hannibal said, "You were gone last night—"

"Yah. Had to see the regimental surgeon. That sore on Eager's arm wouldn't heal in the Army in a hundred years. He was no good to us." He showed his teeth in the cynical smile. "Besides, when a man believes in miracles, it's up to us. . . ." His voice trailed off into silence.

Of a sudden Hannibal felt infinitely small. He had been ready to believe there was no good in Sawbones, that he was a cynical pagan. In spite of himself he had felt more pious than the doctor. In all humility he said huskily, "Thanks, Sawbones."

And the other returned, "Don't mention it—ever, Reverend."

For a tense moment Hannibal thought the British were pursuing them. But there was no musket fire.

"What happened to the redcoats?" he asked Sawbones.

"Dunno. If they were going to attack, they'd have hit us before this." He grinned again. "Looks to me like maybe you got that miracle you prayed for, Reverend."

IT was afternoon and the last raft was loaded with the remaining troops. Hannibal had waited to the last along with Major Muller and his

staff. The major spoke to the raftsmen and they did not leave. Instead the craft waited for almost an hour and no one but the major seemed to know why.

Then four men hustled down the bank and tossed their gear into the raft. Quickly the raft was poled out into the stream. The murmur went up from all sides, "Scouts," as the men huddled with major near the stern.

They were almost to the other side before the major broke up the huddle. Searching the raft with his eyes, he spotted Hannibal seated on the gunwale. He came over at once. "I said something last night I'm ashamed of," he said, putting a hand on Hannibal's shoulder. "I said I didn't believe in miracles."

Hannibal's heart soared. "And do you, Major?"

"I do. The scouts have told me why the British didn't attack. Their scouts reconnoitered just after dusk last night. They mistook the clumps of dogwood for tents and reported back that our force was four times larger than it was. The British commander estimated we outnumbered him two to one. So he waited and called for reinforcements."

Hannibal felt ten feet tall. The blood sang in his ears.

Major Muller went on, "I said some other things I'm ashamed of, too. I mean to make them right now. Fact is, the Army needs you chaplains. Fact is, we're glad to have you with us—Hannibal." ■ ■

Blessed are they who have nothing to say—and cannot be persuaded to say it.

—*Journal of American Medical Association*

Incident in Autumn



By SEWELL E. MASONCUP

THE mortar emplacements were eight hundred yards behind the front line where the infantry companies were dug in along the edge of the woods. There were small fragrant evergreens growing thickly on the slope, providing concealment for ourselves and the mortars, and giving a covered route of approach for the Jeeps and trailers. Thus hot food, prepared farther to the rear in a safer place, could, at great risk, be delivered to our foxholes.

This, to our weary, starved, and battle-battered crew, was luxury of the highest order and we made the most of it, gorging ourselves to the utmost capacity of our lean and bony bodies, trying to make up in greed and haste the hundreds of meals we had missed on the battle route to Metz, the sieged city.

There was a profusion of everything that the Quartermaster Corps

could offer. In addition to the warm food and extra cartons of cigarettes, we were supplied with new boots, socks, combat jackets and gloves. Even some small stoves using a chemical for fuel, were brought to us. In final embellishment, topping it all like the icing on a birthday cake was one of the most impractical pieces of equipment ever issued to a fighting infantryman. Somewhere, some kindhearted soul, with a heart that was filled with more compassion for the infantry soldier than his head was filled with knowledge of the conditions under which he fought, had devised a mummy-like covering into which the soldier could crawl and sleep. Locked to the chin, he would be warm—but not exactly safe. Battle wise and crafty in night fighting, we cast these aside with caustic remarks about the unknowing ways of rear echelon soldiers.



THE month was November, and the small wood in which the platoon was hidden was a pleasant place. Now we could wash, shave, and eat our fill of the hot food long denied us in the striving of battle. Sleep, too, could be indulged, with sensible caution, although the Germans were looking down our throats from high ground to our front. As long as we kept our movements secret and built no fires, we drew no attacks with the exception of methodical harassing mortar and artillery fire which was delivered on a schedule so regular that we could check our watches by it.

The big push on Metz was still stalled and we were there in the wood when Thanksgiving came, and since food and the waiting for its coming made up the major event in our daily existence, the menu for the coming holiday meal to be served to us under the pines was one of the main topics of conversation. Mom, wife, home and peace seemed far away; so to a group of gaunt, strained, and watchful men, Thanksgiving day assumed an importance it had never held before.

In the beautiful haze of the crisp autumn, Thanksgiving came, and with it the Meal. There in the shadow of death and the pines, we fell to like the hunting wolves we resembled. Our manners were crude, and there was no talk or slowing until we were nearly filled, and began pick-

ing more gently, tasting each bite and devoting ourselves to the rich food.

Replete and satisfied, we began to talk. A softer and more humane timber began to tone the voices of battle-bitter veterans—men half a world away from home. So it seemed a natural thing that we began to speak of the Book; each remembering his favorite quotation and giving it, with thanksgiving.

The platoon leader solemnly spoke the one we knew as his chosen, for he had given it word with great conviction before, and now we heard it again—"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." The base plate man for the mortar crew swallowed, looked up and said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. . . ."

And so it was that we spoke of our faith and belief on that Thanksgiving Day in the chill sunlight before the gates of ancient Metz. As we stood, geared for battle, we were thankful so much for so little. But the line of Scripture etched forever into my memory that day under the waiting guns, was spoken softly, but clearly, by a young private whose speech seemed to blend with the wind's rustle in the pines. I remember to this day that he said, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." ■ ■

LET US GIVE THANKS

If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of men due to our Father in heaven.

—BALLOU

Re-create or 'Wreck-create'

By **ROBERT ELFERS**

DON'T let anybody ever tell you that recreation is something you can catch with a fly rod. Or pin down with a softball bat. Or pick up with movie tickets. Or capture in a beer can.

There's something miraculous about recreation. It can re-create new strength, new hope, new faith in you. Or it can destroy you. It can be a matter of re-create or wreck-create.

Last summer, four men went boating at an amusement park. They were seeking recreation, but doing it unwisely. They got drunk out in the boat and foolishly upset it. They started swimming for shore, but one of them tired quickly and disappeared beneath the water. An on-looker saw him go under and shouted to his friends. It took all-important minutes for them to understand the warning, and even then they couldn't find their friend. Someone from another boat finally brought him to surface, but it was too late.

Four men sought recreation and found tragedy. One died and the others will never be able to erase the guilt of their carelessness.

An airman named Joe Haskins got stranded in Pittsburgh one day. Because he was interested in going to

college when he finished his service, he took a trolley to the University of Pittsburgh campus. It happened to be a vacation period, however, and most of the buildings were closed. So Joe still had time on his hands and he began to feel that lonely feeling that comes in a strange city.

He looked around some more, however, passed up the open doors of some bars (he didn't drink and nobody had been able to convince him that elbow-bending wasn't a waste of time), and then strolled halfheartedly into the Carnegie Museum.

In one great, bright room, he discovered full-sized reproductions of ancient doorways, statues, and even the entire front of a medieval French church.

Expectantly now, he entered another gallery and stared upward at monstrous dinosaur skeletons.

Museum Story

In a corner of yet another room, he found a small display that told a fascinating historical detective story:

An American elk was grazing in the primeval forests of the eighteenth century. Through the trees a shadow passed; a copper arm raised; a dark eye sighted down an arrow. The

bow-string whummed, the arrow struck deep in the elk's shoulder. The animal sprang away, running hard until it lost its pursuer. The wound bled and closed and bled again days later when the arrow broke away, leaving the head buried.

For years, the elk carried the arrowhead in its shoulder. Then one day it stumbled into a sink hole and was killed in the fall. Centuries passed until the sinkhole was discovered. Scientists knew that such natural traps had caught many an animal, so they carefully examined the contents of this one. In it they found the skeleton of the elk. They sent a portion of it to the Carnegie Museum and there Joe Haskins read the story and saw the shoulder bone, with part of the arrowhead still buried in it.

Haskins had to hurry to catch his train, and when he finally dropped into his seat in the coach, he groaned with pleasure. But for all his tiredness, he felt contented, too. Somehow, his day had been a success. He had learned something; he'd forgotten about some of his problems; he'd relaxed from the tensions of his job. He grinned to himself. He'd had a good time in that museum!

Don't think Joe just stumbled onto recreation unconsciously. Although he didn't know what was going to happen, he made some important decisions that brought it about.

For example, he wanted to put his leisure time to use in a way that was worthwhile. He was thinking beyond just the moment's pleasure. Although he knew he might be kidded later by some of his section if they

knew he'd selected a museum in preference to bars, he had the courage to decide for himself the kind of recreation he wanted.

Behind these decisions were Joe's personal set of values. And these, in turn, were based on his commitment to Jesus Christ. As a Christian, he tried to guide his recreational life along routes that would be acceptable to God and that would bring no harm to other persons.

If Joe ever tried to explain how he felt about such matters to some of the men he served with—to those who had little understanding of what it means to be a Christian—he'd probably run into difficulty at this point.

"That's the trouble," someone would say. "You can't have any fun if you're involved in the church."

Recreation Is Right

Of course, nothing could be more wrong than such a statement. Recreation is just as much a part of the Christian life as work is. Jesus frequently sought re-creation by leaving the crowds and going out into the hills to pray. He did not avoid social gatherings; he went to the wedding at Cana.

The bodies, minds, and spirits that God has given us grow tired and need refreshing. Taking care of them as good stewards requires us to seek the recreation that we need.

To men and women in the service, recreation can be a serious problem. They are separated from the friends and family with whom they once had wonderful times. They are away from the places whose names remind

them of laughter and good fellowship. Coming into service creates voids in the place of familiar people and places.

The voids don't last long, however, for men and women in service find new friends and, even in so unstable a situation as a training camp, can discover places where wholesome recreation is available.

Military posts at home and overseas offer a variety of recreational opportunities. Possibilities in sports are limitless. Softballs and footballs are practically a branch of ordnance; you can watch them or catch them, whichever you prefer. If you have dramatic talent, you're likely to get a chance to show your stuff. Movies, dances, reading, hobby groups, chapel social activities—all of them are more or less available, depending on where you are.

In some areas of the world, military posts probably offer better recreational opportunities than do the surrounding areas. On the other hand, a camp is likely to offer few attractions to the soldier, sailor, or airman stationed in the United States or near a large city overseas. Instead, he'll be off whenever he has a chance to sight see, dine, visit the theater or concert hall or museum or amusement park. Rich values can be found in learning to appreciate new cultures and in making friends in other lands.

Careful Planning

If such opportunities are to be used in the wisest, happiest, and most fruitful ways, the service man or woman needs to be careful how he

plans to use recreational time. It's impossible for a man to figure out rules that will work for him in every situation. Yet a group of principles for recreation are a good idea.

One might be: Choose recreation that is worthwhile, that will make you a better person tomorrow. Develop your interests as part of your recreation; it will mean more to you.

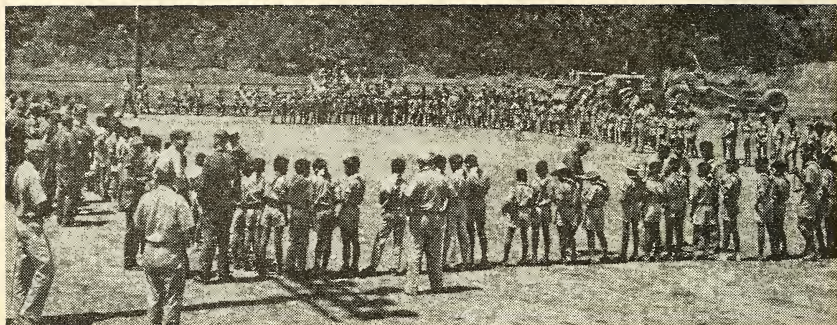
Avoid recreation that is likely to damage you mentally, physically, or morally.

A third principle relates to the influence you have on other persons. The Apostle Paul, in his letter to the church at Corinth, warned against doing anything that would lead others to sin. The same warning applies to Christians in the selection of their ways of recreation.

Living according to principles like these demands faith and courage. A man who has faith in God acknowledges that God's ways are his ways. He tries to live by these ways in his play as in his work. Courage is required, too, for the man or woman in service is likely to face pressure to take part in recreation that is not acceptable to Christians. Without being pious about it, you have to witness for what you believe.

The idea of principles for recreation will seem foolish to some people. "Forget it," they'll scoff. "Let's live a little!"

The Christian is interested in living, not little, but greatly. Jesus spoke of the abundant life that is available through him. Any recreation that does not contribute to the abundance of life as He saw it is not acceptable to his followers. ■



The festivities of the day are ready to begin. Scouts line up in a circle to get a number which will determine their Navy buddy for the day.

S EABEE-SCOUT DAY was celebrated by U.S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion ELEVEN, Cubi Point, Philippine Islands, Saturday, 12 April 1958, when the Seabees played host to 176 Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts from Olongapo, Zambales. Boys ranging from six to seventeen years of age were treated to a good old-fashioned picnic with hot dogs and all the trimmings.

The Scouts made a grand entrance onto the U.S. Naval Station, Subic Bay, marching in single file to the waiting Seabee Buses, whistling "The River Kwai March." Festivities of the day began with a welcome from Commanding Officer Harold F. Liberty, CDR, CEC, USNR, followed by a loud and favorable response from the entire group of Scouts.

Wide-eyed Scouts stared in amaze-

The Committee which planned Seabee-Scout Day is shown laying plans for the big day. Seated, left to right: St. Aubin, R.E., SW2; Shuman, M. J., BUC; and Chaplain Wendell R. Begg. Back row, left to right: Higgins, H. L., CWO2; ENS W. S. Campbell; LTJG R. E. Jacob; Melfort, E. V., SD1; Jackman, R. E., DT1; and Williams, R. L., BULC.



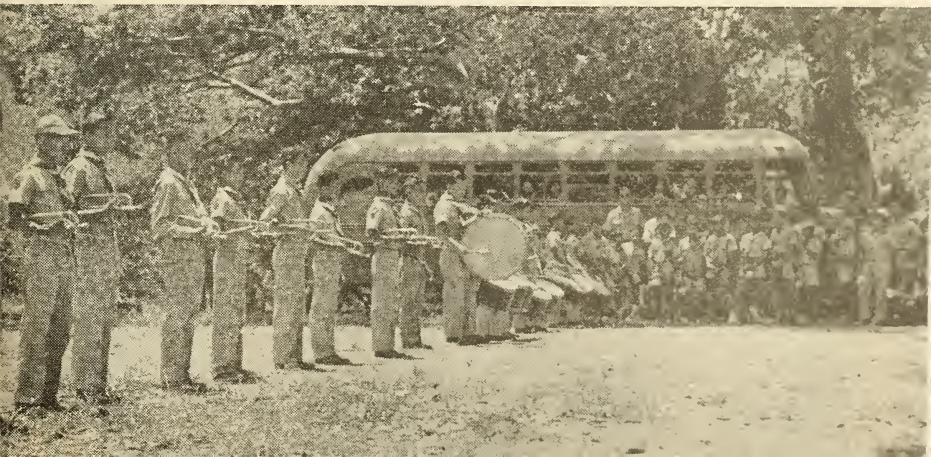
Some lucky Scout has just been awarded a new basketball. Prizes to Scouts who won games were such gifts as baseball gloves and bats, volleyballs, footballs, softballs, and basketballs. The Seabee winners were given sport shirts.

Seabee- Scout Day



ment as the Seabees roared heavy equipment back and forth, demonstrating for the boys the necessary steps in road construction. However, the Seabees didn't do all the entertaining. One of the highlights of the day was the performance by the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps. Well-trained, high-stepping Scouts, marching to the music of favorite band

One of the main attractions of Seabee-Scout Day was the performance by the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps.





"Chow down!" All hands were "present and accounted for" at this particular meeting. Hot dogs, pork and beans, pineapple punch, and ice cream made up the menu.

marches, performed in real military fashion.

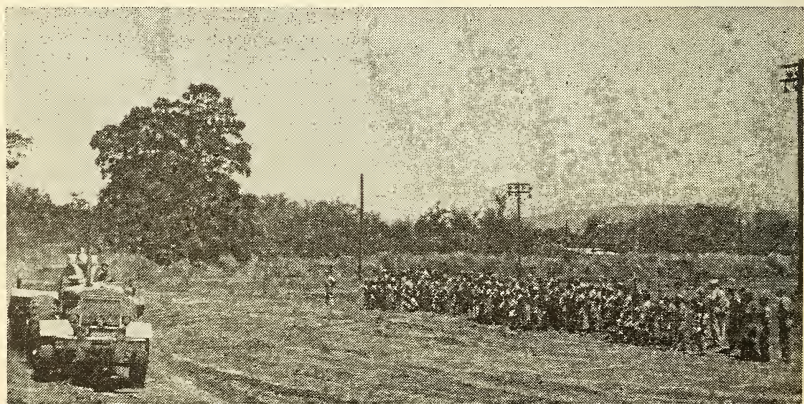
"Chow-down for all hands" was the time for everybody to get acquainted! By the time the picnic meal was over, all the hot dogs, pork and beans, ice cream, and over one hundred gallons of pineapple punch were consumed by the group. After prizes were presented to the winning Scouts and Seabees who proved to be the fastest runners, everyone enjoyed a guided tour of

the airplanes on the Naval Air Station and of a ship at Subic Bay.

Indeed, Seabee-Scout Day was a successful event for all who participated. A tired but happy group of Seabees and Scouts said good-by to one another at the main gate, and although the Scouts were not spirited to march as lively as they had earlier in the day, they did manage a friendly wave of good-by as they trudged on toward their homes.

The Scouts who visited the MCB-ELEVEN area were under the direction of Francisco C. Malicsi, Roving Commissioner for the Boy Scouts of the Philippines. Seabee-Scout Day was sponsored by the MCB-ELEVEN Chapel Fund Committee, under the direction of Chaplain Wendell R. Begg, LTJG, CHC, USNR. ■ ■

Seabees show the Scouts how they go about building a good road.



Letter from Commanding Devil

By R. G. HUTCHESON, JR.

FPO, Hades

From: Commanding Devil

To: All Duty Devils and Tempters

Subject: Award-winning slogan

1. Attention is directed to the award-winning slogan in the recent Slogan Contest sponsored by the Chief of Satanic Operations. The winning slogan is, *"There's nothing else to do on liberty."*
2. Maximum use of this slogan will be made by all Duty Devils and Tempters assigned to the indoctrination of liberty parties. It may be used in connection with any and all liberty activities sponsored or encouraged by our forces.
3. If repeated often enough, this slogan is expected to overcome the harmful effects of such liberty activities as sight seeing tours; activities sponsored by YMCA's, USO's and churches; athletics and other events sponsored by recreation officers and chaplains; to say nothing of commercial activities such as movies, bowling alleys, skating rinks, fishing piers, beaches, and the like. Tempters who repeat the slogan frequently enough will be able to convince their subjects that such activities do not exist.

COMMANDING DEVIL

HE entered the police station casually. You got the idea he did everything casually. Except back up. With a jaw like that, there was no reverse gear anywhere in his make-up. Aside from the jaw, he looked ordinary, in a slightly wrinkled gray suit. Slope-shouldered, shaggy dark hair, intense blue eyes. About thirty-five.

He was directed to Homicide, Inspector Corey Dungate's office.

"Bob Foster," he smiled. "Druggist."

Dungate stuck out a huge paw.

They sat down facing each other across the desk. Foster stoked his pipe. "You could be wrong," he said slowly, "about Rick Manning. Maybe he didn't kill his wife."

Dungate's dark eyes narrowed slightly and his big right hand made a half fist.

"You trying to tell me my business, Foster?"

They studied each other silently. The druggist could almost see the slow boil coming on inside the detective, who had a jaw like his own. Obviously he had a will of tremendous force also. To clash with it could load the air with skyrocket. That mustn't happen. It must be kept calm. And yet they both had the same ideas about the law and dealing out justice. Foster was sure of that.

He grinned easily, waved his hand. "Queer how other people always know how to do your job best. I run into it hundreds of times in my drugstore."

"So?"

"I listen. Wastes a lot of time, I

4 Ways to Die

By EDWARD J. DONAVAN

**Circumstantial evidence
pointed to Rick Manning
as the murderer of
his wife. But was he?**

guess. But sometime it pays off in ideas."

Dungate sighed heavily. "Okay. Shoot. I'm listening. You have ten minutes."

HE glanced at his wrist watch, then sat back with the pained look of a martyr resolved to take so much but no more.

Foster leaned forward. "You're convinced it was murder? That Gloria Manning was poisoned by her husband?"

"Sure. What else?"

"Perhaps it wasn't murder."

"It was one or the other, murder



or suicide. And we know it wasn't suicide. Gloria Manning wanted to live. She had dates planned ahead, appointments, things like that. She was sore when her doctor put her to bed with a cold. A suicide wouldn't care. No. It has to be murder."

"And Rick Manning did it. He had plenty of motives. She was a two-timing cheat. Spent all his money as soon as he made it. Wouldn't give him a divorce so he could marry a decent girl like Pat Golden. Manning got fed up. He had the opportunity. He was the only one with her that last night. What more do you want? And, incidentally, you're getting nowhere. Just wasting time. How do you fit into this anyway?"

"I'm the druggist who filled the prescriptions old Doc Benson gave Gloria Manning the day before she

died. There were three; a cough syrup, a purgative and a gargle."

"Which still isn't news."

"Maybe not, but did you know that Doc Benson is old-fashioned as all get out? Doesn't go for changes."

The detective lit a fresh cigarette, snapped the lighter shut impatiently. "All right, Doc Benson is old-fashioned. Where does that get us? Look, if you're trying to be funny—or building up a phony story about—"

"Just a minute, please," Foster held up his hand. "Let's keep it even and smooth. As I said, there were three prescriptions."

"I heard you. And they were checked at the lab here. All clear. No bichloride in any of them."

"If Rick did it," asked Foster, "where'd he get the poison? Bichloride should be fairly easy to trace."

"Sure. All our work is easy. Takes

time, though. That's all. Time."

"I see." Foster took a few puffs on his pipe. "Tell me something. Whose fingerprints were on the glass that contained the throat gargle?"

The detective scowled. His big fist banged the desk. "Look. You told the desk sergeant you had something to tell me. So far, all you've done is hash over the case and ask for information. I'm busy. The door out is behind you."

PLEASE." Foster insisted. "A few seconds more. Answer my question. It's very important."

Dungate snorted impatiently. "Okay. There's no secret about it. Gloria Manning's."

"No one else's?"

"You heard me. Only the victim's prints were on that glass."

The druggist beamed. If there had been any doubt in his eyes before, it was gone now.

"That settles it," he said. "My theory is sound. Maybe I can't prove Rick Manning's absolute innocence, but I can show an element of doubt. And you take it from there."

"I take nothing. I've already clinched this case, sewed it up tight. I should work to snafu it? Are you crazy?"

"You can't help yourself," argued Foster, grinning. "I've followed you in the papers. Know how you work. You don't pile up evidence just to convict a guy. You get it to point up the truth. If a man's innocent, you work just as hard to clear him."

"Thanks." Dungate's big mouth twisted in a grudging smile. "Right now I think Manning is guilty. And

nothing's going to change that."

"You think so? You said it had to be murder or suicide. There are four ways to die. Murder, suicide, accident, natural death. You left out two."

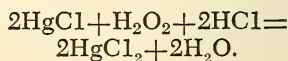
"Because there's no connection. Aw, well, let's forget it."

With an exasperated grunt Dungate stood up. Foster met his angry glare calmly. "Let's not," he said easily. "If I walk out that door now, you'll have nightmares wondering. You've got to listen."

Dungate threw himself down again, leaned back with another heavy sigh. "I'm listening," he muttered sourly.

"Here's what you do." Foster wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to the detective. "Have your chemist in the lab look that over and see if there's anything wrong with it."

THE druggist had written:



Dungate flipped the paper back. "The lab is in the basement, two flights down. I'll take your word for it."

Foster shrugged. "Here's my case. One prescription contained calomel tablets. Like I said, Doc Benson is old-fashioned. Sticks to old-time stuff. None of the new drugs for him. Calomel is mercurous chloride or HgCl . That gargle was clear and colorless. It had peroxide in it, and peroxide is H_2O_2 . Here's what happened. Gloria Manning took the



calomel and later grabbed the gargle instead of the water glass. She took a quick swig, thinking it was water. They look alike. Her stomach did the rest. It manufactured bichloride, which is HgCl_2 , and water, which is H_2O . Her death was accidental."

Dungate picked up the paper again, studied it. "What's that 2 HCl ? You forgot that. Where'd it come from?"

"It's a gastric juice that's in your stomach. Mine. Everyone's. It's hydrochloric acid, in the right strength to do its job. It latched onto the other drugs and turned the calomel into bichloride. Simple chemistry. Ask any chemist."

The druggist put his pipe away and stood up. "Not hard and fast evidence, true. But it makes you wonder. Makes you think, maybe Rick Manning didn't do it."

He left casually, quietly, a kind of lopsided smile on his face. As he went down the hall he heard Dungate growl several times. The big detective would undoubtedly confer with the prosecutor and they'd carry on from there.

One thing was sure. Dungate wouldn't cover up the information he'd just learned. He'd haul it out into the open, use it if he had to. Even if it meant a complete switch in his ideas and theory. He was an honest cop.

Being honest was important. More important than winning a case in court. Or, for that matter, becoming sole owner of all the enterprises in the partnership of Rick Manning and Bob Foster.

The Sky's the Limit

By ALDEN L. THOMPSON

THE world is your classroom, sailor, soldier, airman, or marine! Every new unfolding scene and every new situation is a training aid. Every new personality you meet, good or bad, is your teacher. Day by day, time and experience stamp their marks upon you whether you want them to or not. In this way, time is never really wasted; it is simply used either well or badly. Time is used well if opportunities for self-improvement are fully utilized; it is used badly if such opportunities are ignored. As a member of the armed forces, your possibilities for mental and spiritual growth are breath-taking.

Maybe you joined the service to see the world; maybe it was because you had nothing better to do; or maybe it was because you felt the hot breath of the draft board on the back of your neck. Whatever your reason, these years need not be futile, but should be the most rewarding and satisfying of your life. However, it is all up to you.

Study Made Easy

Look around, and that history book will suddenly come alive! While still in school you were studying *about* historical events and places, now you can *see* them for real. Wherever you are, stateside or overseas, the very spot on which you stand will very likely have some historical significance. You need only to become aware of it, and see it firsthand.

Most communities are proud of their heritage, and for the asking will smother you with information and material. Try the Chamber of Commerce or a tourist information booth. The Armed Forces YMCA is another source of information. Overseas, ask the Chaplain or visit a USO for that purpose. If everything else fails, with genuine interest, ask a citizen a leading question and you will be well rewarded for the effort. Seldom should there be any difficulty learning what the community offers to an interested visitor.

Armed with a list of important places to see, make a trip to the nearest library. The library will contain all the necessary background information on every item. This reading will be fascinating. You may be in a community like Newport, Rhode Island, for instance, which has prepared a booklet entitled *The Newport Story*. It points out all the historical sites in the area and provides a commentary on each. Armed with such facts, make your visit to the various places. Whether it be Valley Forge, The Alamo, or Heidelberg, Germany, the knowledge

gained of people and their history will cause you to stand in awe. School was never like this! But then, schools do not have your opportunities either.

Ten cents on a city or tourist bus will easily bring you into contact with a wealth of knowledge in other areas. One of these is the museum. Every major city, many small towns, again stateside or overseas, has a museum. Another interesting study is making tours of local industries. Whatever your field of interest, there is an industry that you can visit which will satisfy your curiosity. Check the telephone directory or call someone who knows, such as a school official or the chaplain. They often will be in a position to advise you as to which museums and industries are available.

Your Barracks Can Be a Study Hall

However, even in the service it is impossible to learn everything by simply seeing it or seeing it done. Perhaps, you want to finish high school or begin your college work. Or if you wish to supplement the study made the easy way with some real "book learning," the sky is still the limit. One of the most popular and reputable means of furthering formal study is through USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute). For a modest fee you can complete all your high school work and earn a portion of your college credits. Many high schools and colleges also offer night school classes. The San Diego Evening High School is an excellent example. Of the 223

graduates this year, 118 were military people. Several of the graduates completed part of their credits through USAFI. Recently, a Navy Chief Petty Officer received his diploma from the San Diego High School, and without a break in his study continued earning college credits. He has passed his Certified Public Accountant Examination, and having now completed twenty years in the Navy, plans to begin a new career. You can do it, too!

Every ship, station, or post has a library. Frequently, these libraries are quite extensive. Here is a gold mine of educational opportunities, and your field of interest can surely be accommodated. If not, try the lending library of one of the large department stores. These stores will lend you the latest books for a few cents a day. You will also, on occasion, find yourself in the vicinity of a university or notable public library. At least, spend a few hours browsing around. You may, in some cases, be able to arrange to use their books. The chaplain in your command is very likely the library officer; he is a good man to know if you are interested in books.

The Best Things in Life Are Nearly Free

Music, drama, and art are also within your reach as a serviceman. Culture is not reserved for only the rich; you are in a unique position to visit cultural centers that are denied many of the wealthy. This is especially true if you are in Europe. Concerts and art exhibitions are commonplace, and your interest as

an American will be greatly appreciated. Keep alert for opportunities! Whenever you are able to attend a concert or exhibit, never worry about your attire. That dress uniform is as proper as a tuxedo at any formal function. Tickets can be procured if you know where to look. Always try the Armed Forces YMCA or the USO first. With some experience, you will soon feel very much at ease and at home in this area of study.

Before You Stands the Church

The universal church will unfold before you, if you watch for it. There are tremendous possibilities for a deeper understanding of your faith. These opportunities might well cancel out any negative spiritual environment with which you may be confronted.

Because the church is nearly everywhere on this globe, so are your opportunities. One fascinating area is church architecture. Use the library briefly first to acquaint yourself with this interesting field. Then use that liberty time to look up a few examples. Nearly every city, American or foreign, contains material for study. In most cases, more subjects than you will have time to study. Be sure to have your camera loaded, and carry a small notebook. The people back home would be appreciative of your pictures and comments at a special church function or program. More important, however, you will have learned a most valuable lesson yourself.

Ever thought of visiting a mission station? You have an excellent chance

to make such a visit. As soon as you receive orders to a new overseas location, begin informing yourself of mission activities in that area. If time permits, write to your home pastor for information. The chaplain can often be of further assistance. At a mission station there may be opportunities to visit the native people in their own homes. It will be an unforgettable experience.

So you are out in the "boondocks"! Don't dismiss this situation as an impossibility for personal development too readily. Our Lord went off into the wilderness for prayer and meditation and returned refreshed. You too can achieve this refreshment. Before leaving for such a location try to find room in your pack for a New Testament and a Bible correspondence course. Most denominations have these courses available. If a full course sounds too burdensome, at least make a point of systematically reading the New Testament. Service life presents few situations that could be considered impossibilities for mental and spiritual growth.

Now Is the Time

If you are able to muster a little imagination, generate some ambition, and develop a thirst for personal improvement, your years in the service will achieve the seemingly impossible. Throughout this article, you have read the word *opportunity* over and over again, and yet only the surface has been scratched. The opportunities are there, but you must use them *now*, they will soon pass away. If you use your time well, the sky is the limit! ■ ■

Letter from Home

Dear Johnny:

For over five years we, as parents, have been aware of the chaplain service provided for armed forces personnel. Last week we were privileged to meet your brother's chaplain and share the chapel service at Bartow Air Force Base.

I don't know what I expected but I was not prepared for the spiritual impact it afforded. I shall never forget the immediate sense of walking into the Holy of Holies as we entered that beautiful sanctuary with its contrasting decor of pristine white and sky and air force blues. Here the open Bible flanked by the Christian and American Flags portrayed unusual significance.

The music was excellent and rewarding. Even the hymns had new dignity and meaning. The sermon was down-to-earth and the entire service was marked by its prayers. When Chaplain Poorman prayed there was such a quiet, persuasive sincerity and evident dedication of self that one knew "others than Enoch" have walked with God. The communication lines between earth and heaven were wondrously free from distractions and distortions.

Be grateful that you and your buddies, wherever you go, whatever their faith, have access to a like program. Not all governments are so considerate. Don't cheat yourself of this precious portion of your GI Bill of Rights, or become so self-sufficient that you lose the privilege of spiritual communion with God and Christian fellowship with your fellow man.

At this Thanksgiving time, be grateful to God by determining to be faithful in chapel attendance. Encourage your chaplain for he is God's man in the service seeking to lead you to higher planes of Christian living.

See you in Chapel,
MOM

CROSTIC

By WILLARD S. SMITH

A. God with us	— — — — —
	21 70 15 38 83 66 59 13
B. Garment worn by Jesus	— — — —
	46 86 33 77
C. Despotie ruler of early Rome, persecutor of Christians	— — — —
	51 42 73 7
D. To prepare for publication	— — — —
	62 89 29 81
E. A shepherd wrote one of these on the death of "P"	— — — —
	24 2 88 47
F. Jesus told a parable about some of these	— — — — —
	69 90 56 19 1 32
G. Male cook	— — — —
	40 94 37 85
H. ". . . and the ----- places smooth" (Isa. 40:?)	— — — — —
	95 79 26 30 18
I. Peculiar	— — —
	74 58 84
J. On one occasion Peter used this	— — — — —
	36 17 3 78 10
K. Wearied by listening	— — — — —
	72 45 39 97 60
L. Christmas	— — — —
	23 8 92 5
M. The science of the study of God	— — — — —
	11 68 54 65 14 25 67 71
N. ". . . the ----- wisdom which God ordained" (1 Cor. 2:?)	— — — — —
	76 35 43 52 12 4
O. Left-handed son of Gera (Judg. 3:?)	— — — —
	96 53 57 49
P. Son of Kish	— — — —
	64 50 80 9

(Continued on page 41)

1 F	2 E		3 J	4 N	5 L		6 T	7 C	8 L	9 P	
10 J			11 M	12 N	13 A	14 M		15 A	16 T		17 J
18 H	19 F	20 S	21 A			22 U	23 L		24 E	25 M	26 H
27 T			28 T	29 D	30 H	31 S	32 F		33 B	34 Q	
35 N			36 J	37 G	38 A	39 K	40 G	41 U	42 C	43 N	
44 Q	45 K	46 B			47 E	48 R	49 O		50 P	51 G	52 N
	53 O	54 M			55 U	56 F	57 O	58 I	59 A	60 K	
61 R	62 D		63 T		64 P	65 M	66 A	67 M	68 M	69 F	
	70 A	71 M			72 K	73 C	74 I	75 S	76 N	77 B	78 J
	79 H	80 P	81 D			82 R	83 A	84 I		85 F	86 B
87 S	88 E	89 D			90 F	91 Q	92 L		93 R	94 G	95 H
96 O	97 K										

DIRECTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSTIC

From the list of definitions guess the correct words. Write each word, letter by letter, on the numbered dashes opposite its definition. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. Each lined square represents the end of a word.

When all squares are correctly filled you will have a quotation reading from left to right.

When read downward the first letter of the words in the word list will form an acrostic giving the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

(Turn to page 62 for answer)

*"I Am Glad
You Yet
Remember..."*

By WILLIAM P. BUTTLER

AN American tourist in a nine-hundred-year-old town on the Russian-U.S. border in Germany on an important holiday would be amazed to hear German teenagers singing familiar seasonal songs. He might even note the guitar accompaniment.

If he follows the sounds he will discover that they come from a centuries-old building, Oberrealschule Coburg, an advanced secondary school.

Then if he peers through the narrow-leaded windows he will see a room full of young future school teachers of Germany. For this institution, though a high school in the American sense, is also a teacher's training college.

Many of the children inside ranging from eleven to eighteen years of age, but mostly between fourteen and sixteen, will be wearing colorful warm American clothing.



Raimund Emil Stich, Teachers' Training College, Coburg, helps students make selections from packages from students of Pasadena City College in America. Looming over the school garden is Coburg's largest church, the Moritzkirche.

If the tourist enters the vaulted hall and introduces himself as an American, the students will doubtless surround him, perhaps shyly with reserve for a stranger, but with interest and thankfulness, too.

They will invite him to watch their brief plays. If it is Thanksgiving, they will present one drama of customs on that day in the United States, and another depicting their own. That is exactly what does happen every Thanksgiving Day.

The students would finally ask the visitor about Pasadena. They do not know the California city as an area of culture, the home of the Rose Bowl football game, and the annual Tournament of Roses Parade.

Students of Pasadena City College show the way to better international understanding

To the high school students of Coburg and nearby Lichtenfels since 1948, Pasadena is synonymous with all that is good in America.

And as the tourist watched, their smiling, balding Professor Raimund Emil Stich would have showed him, proudly and affectionately, the instrument on which he had accompanied the students in the singing of German and American music to match the holiday.

And he would have pointed to the "Pasadena City College Guitar" painted on it.

Then without urging, Herr Stich would tell this story of the bit of America almost smack up against the Soviet zone border in Western Germany.

IN 1948 Stich was trying to teach hungry, cold, desperate youths about democracy in his role as English-social studies instructor and headmaster of the high school.

An American soldier passing through had left a copy of *Reader's Digest* with Herr Stich. It was the only publication in English available for teaching.

The teacher decided that action was necessary. Since the soldier had mentioned Pasadena in a conversation, Herr Stich selected that community. He wrote a letter addressed simply to "Principal, Pasadena, California, U.S.A."

Delivered to the president of Pas-

adena City College, a public junior college, the letter explained the problem. It was difficult to teach English to a class of forty future elementary school teachers from one copy of a magazine. Could the principal suggest a solution?

Herr Stich waited confidently. If what he had been teaching about Christian America was right, there would be help for his young charges. Sure enough, a month or two later a bonanza arrived.

There were forty-one copies each of two different textbooks, brief biographies of great men and women. One of each for each student, and one for the teacher.

A letter accompanied the books. From Dr. Dorothy L. Dixon, Chairman of the Pasadena City College English Department, it explained things.

When the president of the college read the request from Herr Stich, he sensed an opportunity for his students to learn something of world understanding. He turned the plea over to the English Department.

The chairman called in her English Council, composed of students majoring in English. Enthusiastically they took over the task of aiding students of English several thousand miles away.

They went to work. Finding that the excellent textbooks were available at the local Board of Education, where they had been discarded in favor of newer editions, the junior college students investigated. How could they get some? Rules called for bidding, and the PCC students made a bid for eighty-two copies—

forty-one each of two different books. Since no one else seemed to want them, their bid of eighty-two cents, one cent per book, was accepted.

Heartened at this proof of real living Christianity and democracy at work, Herr Stich read on. Dr. Dixon said her Council wanted her to ask a question. What else did the German students need—vegetable seeds? clothing? food?

Anyway, she reported, such things would follow.

THOSE first German students, many of them children then, are now teachers themselves.

"The action of your students has a definite positive reaction on my students which outdoes my best lectures on 'social studies,'" Herr Stich wrote recently.

In 1949 the PCC students decided that Thanksgiving time would be an ideal opportunity to give the holiday real meaning. The entire membership ate simple, ordinary meals that day. Then they figured what they would normally have spent for the big Thanksgiving meal. They sent that amount in lightweight but nourishing foodstuffs and vegetable seeds to their fellow students in Europe.

The president of the Council then was a World War II veteran, and the whole idea was his.

Since then, each spring and fall the PCC students have a clothing drive, because Herr Stich reports that warm apparel is now a major problem of German youth.

Ruthe, a fifteen-year-old girl, who was helped by the gifts, wrote: "I like the Californian brightness of

your dresses. You can notice an entire change in the general appearance of our students. The gay 'spots' among the crowd in our school garden during the recess are with no doubt from America. Somehow I take it as a symbol of a change . . . to a better, bright future."

One recent clothing drive on the California campus netted twenty-one large cartons-full; total postage was \$90. To get money for postage the members of the English Council hold fund-raising projects all year.

And the beloved guitar is another story. In 1953, in an exchange of letters, Herr Stich remarked that occasionally, when he could afford it, he used a guitar to accompany his students' singing. He rented it at \$1.15 a day from a local used-instrument dealer. It was about to be sold, and there would be no more music.

By return air mail its full price was forwarded to the German students. They rushed in a body to escort their prize home through the winding, narrow, cobbled streets of ancient, medieval Coburg, with most of the inhabitants smiling and many weeping their approval.

In honor of their benefactors in the United States, their teacher had "Pasadena City College Guitar" painted on the instrument, which has in itself become a kind of symbol, he said.

IT is a project no one could take from the Council now," Miss Dixon said. "This doing-unto-others is of inestimable value to the students, their families, the college, and the entire community of Pasadena."

But equally gratifying, she agrees,

is what it is doing for young, impressionable youth in Germany—those who will teach other youths.

"Your readiness of helping others . . . is worth being imitated," wrote Richard Braun, a past chairman of the Student Council in the German school. "Though we cannot do it in the same way, we shall help in some other respects which our Christian faith will show us. For I think that an international good will cooperation must be based on social, religious feelings. . . ."

Herr Stich has said many times that the unselfish Christian example of the Pasadena students has had more value than tons of official government propaganda. It has been instrumental in showing the people of Coburg and surrounding areas that democracy is more than a hollow definition.

When the twenty-one packages reached the school in the fall of 1956, the Germans practiced some of the helpfulness they had learned from the Americans. With 250,000 Hungarians fleeing to West Germany, Herr Stich and his students felt they had a "moral obligation to give part of the clothing to Hungarian refugees who had come to Coburg, telling them from where and whom these useful things came." Many of the Hungarians "wept with joy and gratitude."

The simple line from thirteen-year-old Christa's letter, received in 1950 by the Pasadena students, expresses movingly the gratitude of the German youth and shows how really worthwhile the project is.

She wrote, "I am glad you yet remember the German children."



CROSTIC *(continued from page 36)*

Q. One of the fairy-pixie family	— — —
	34 91 44
R. "The ultimate particle of matter"	— — — —
	82 93 48 61
S. Principal in a biblical love story	— — — —
	20 87 75 31
T. A country or region	— — — — —
	6 27 63 28 16
U. Touching this part of Jesus' garment, a woman was healed	— — —
	41 55 22

Football Season: The short warm-up period between spring practice and the winter bowl games.—**HAROLD COFFIN**. . . . A young man often falls for the same kind of girl who hurried dear old dad.—**NOEL WICAL**. . . . Wolf: A man who tries to make life a bed of ruses.—**DAN BENNETT**.

Getting Your Money's Worth

By **FREDERICK W. HELFER**



I HAVE met some high class bums in my life. There was "Shortie" who came to Wheeling Island every summer. He shared our gang's soup and sandwiches and told us tales of his winter's wanderings. There was the "Engineer" who "made the beat" in Chicago; he always needed thirty-five cents; and came around regularly twice a year. These two were master beggars. I have met scores of low class beggars; these always start with "Will you stake me to a cup of coffee?" When I was a lad, my generation coined the familiar phrase "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

The Church Is No Beggar

Memory of these panhandlers has established me in my purpose never to put the Church in a beggar's role. Little, cheap schemes, easy money raising methods, painless ways to finance Kingdom interests have never appealed to me. I recall the advice of a businessman who talked to the

ministerial students at the University of Chicago and admonished us never to lower the dignity of our ministry or the Church. For instance, he said, "Don't go around a grapefruit farm looking for the culls. Let the owner know you are a clergyman and you desire the best fruit he grows on the place. By such method you commend yourself and you honor him." It has been my purpose always to place the highest value on human life and to emphasize the glory of the Church of the Living God. Therefore, I have never commissioned any of my members to run around with a tin cup in their hands begging "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

When the stick-up man puts a gun in your ribs and says, "Your money, or your life," he is not interested in your life—only your money. The Church never permits a man such choice. It always is your money *and* your life. Better still, it is your life and your money!! The first concern of the Church is your life—the kind of

person you are, and by the grace of God can become. The Christian faith has a memory twenty centuries long. It remembers its Founder, his character, his greatness; and remembering Him, there is the insistence that men are to grow up into his likeness; for all men everywhere are the children of God. The Apostle Paul once wrote of a people who "first gave themselves to the Lord" (2 Cor. 8:5) and after that their gifts, the offerings of their possessions. The Church does not beg us; it compliments us in offering us the way to live up to our high estate—as stewards of God; men privileged to give their time, their talents, their thoughts, their treasures, themselves unto the Lord.

Some people do not believe this. They feel that it is only their money—that the Church is always asking for money. It is always holding them up, begging for this, demanding again and again "Give, give!" Undoubtedly it will always seem this way to the worldly wise, to the man who has never felt the call of the Christ. His Voice is the invitation to the whole man, "Come, follow me!" "Come, give yourself in service to God!" "Come, let the love and wisdom of God flow through your word and deed." The Master's invitation is always the challenge that we give ourselves, that we be somebody. And after we give ourselves it will seem a small matter that we give our money.

But your money is important. And it is necessary that you give of your treasure, as it is essential you give of your time and talent. Perhaps you

are saying, "Oh, I knew he would end up asking for money!" Yes, but let us not forget that the "Lord loves a cheerful giver"; you will never enter into the rich blessing of giving until after you first give yourself unto God. Then will follow the desire to give and share—and your only regret will be that you have not more to give.

What the Bible Says About Giving

Jesus had many a word to say about possessions. He was always talking about a man's attitude toward the things of life. The New Testament stresses a man's relationship to other men and his attitude toward his barns, his crops, his talents, his fields, his cattle, his business, his labor, his money. Our biggest business is that of brotherhood and stewardship. And each is to be marked not by short weights, but by the overflow of the spirit, the walking into the second mile of good will, and the generous sharing and giving of our treasure for the kingdom of God.

There is the insistence of the New Testament that "the possession of a gift implies the obligation of its use in the community of the Spirit." There are the parables of the talents, the king who demanded a reckoning from his stewards; the laborers in the vineyards; the pearl of great price; the treasure in the field; the prodigal son; the widow's mite; the poor man at the rich man's gate; the fool with his larger barns; the last judgment condemning the stingy and the soulless and commending those

who gave of their time and possessions to the needy. In addition to the parables are the great words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Unto whomsoever much is given of him much is required." "Upon the first day of the week, let each one of you lay by . . . as God has prospered him." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The size of our gift should be in proportion to what we have received, to what we have.

You become like that which you admire. You become like that to which you give yourself. You become like that which greatly concerns you. You never get your money's worth unless you put your money into an enterprise. There is the teaching of Jesus, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Life will be worth living only as you find causes worth living for.

How to Gain Wealth— of the Soul

Soul growth depends on our attitude toward our possessions, toward the things of life. The principle of stewardship—that what we have is a trust from God to be used for his glory and our human need—this principle is the health of man's spirit, the wealth of his soul. We must give our money to save us from Dollaritis, Money-madness, Penny-blindness. The man who thinks more of his money than he does of his stewardship will starve to death spiritually.

It is still true that no man can serve both God and Mammon. Only

a true steward finds the blessing of money in this world and carries any of the material blessings with him into the life everlasting. So give your money to religious projects around the army base and send some of it back home. You can be a good steward by adopting the principle of the tithe—the dedication of at least one-tenth of all your income unto the Lord's work. That one-tenth will help you appreciate that you are God's man and that you should treat the other nine-tenths in the mood of religion; maybe, to the extent of giving more and sharing more in a Christian way to meet the needs of the world.

Now hear this! Now hear this! What the *Church really wants is you*. You are worth far more than your money. It wants you to know that you are a living soul. You are the miracle of God carried in the stream of life down the generations. Long, long ago, in the once-upon-a-time stage, God had a thought higher than a mountain peak, deeper than the ocean, more lasting than the stars. "Let us make man in our image . . ." It is this sense of worth and greatness the Church wants to cultivate in you. You are more than a clod, a mechanism, an animal. You are the embodiment of dreams and hopes. You are haunted with a sense of justice and righteousness. You are a Kingdom man. Give yourself. Give your time. Give your talents. Give your money. Be God's steward. Be a Christian.



One rocket expert has estimated that we could send a man to the moon and back for \$3 billion. This would include meals.

—D. O. FLYNN

Artist's Model

By MARGARET ANDERSON

"**B**E right with you," Madge Aden called to her artist husband, Jim, as she gave the kitchen sink a quick swab with cleanser then rinsed her hands and dried them on a towel. "What should I wear?"

"A house dress, I guess. Make it pretty, though!" Jim answered from the basement where he'd set up a temporary studio.

By now she should be used to this dual role of housewife and artist's model, Madge told herself as she went to the bedroom to change her dress. The fact was she enjoyed it more than she liked to admit. It broke the monotony of her day and gave her a chance to be with Jim. Somehow, sometime the opportunity would come when she'd be able to reach Jim for Christ.

Life surely was a paradox, she thought as she pondered what she should wear. She had been the one who had never known about things pertaining to the church while Jim had grown up with all the advantages of a Christian home—Sunday school, summer Bible camps.

It was while he was in the service that she had decided to give Chris-



tianity a try. How she cherished every moment of those quiet hours when she searched the Bible for glimpses of gospel light. Little by little they had come until the day she could no longer resist their message and had opened her heart to God.

Where, how, why had Jim lost out? Surely they had chaplains in the armed forces. Other fellows came home much stronger in their Christian faith—many found Christ for the first time. Instead Jim had be-

"When you look at me you know you are painting something that is authentic . . ."

come bitter. Some place he'd been disillusioned. When Madge asked him about it he'd say, "Madge, I don't want to talk about it!" and she would have to leave well enough alone.

"Sure, I'm a Christian," he'd boast. "But I look at things differently now. I've seen too many phonies to get excited about religion."

Before, she had been the one who had gone to church with Jim because she thought it was the right thing to do. Now everything was reversed. Church had become a vital part of her being. But Jim—well, he went Sunday mornings. He'd sing the hymns with apparent zest, listen attentively, but she knew his heart was not in it.

SHE slipped a pretty blue chambray over her head and fastened the matching belt around her tiny waist. The blue would bring out the color of her eyes—if Jim did a close-up. She wondered what kind of assignment took him to the basement, of all places. Perhaps a commercial of some kind.

She'd tried every way she knew to reach him. The prize attempt had come as an inspiration. Maybe, she reasoned, if he saw what a good time Christian young people had, he'd change his mind. She'd invite some of the couples from the church to help her celebrate his birthday.

All had gone well at first. The youth pastor and his wife came. They brought with them a friend who had just returned from an extensive trip abroad. Then there was Dick Johnston, chairman of the Young Adult

Bible class, his wife and others.

The party got off to a good start. Jim seemed to be having a good time visiting with the fellows with whom he had once been such good friends.

"Say, Pastor Ben, what would you do if you were suddenly given \$32,000?" someone asked, when they were talking about TV quiz programs.

"Don't ask him," a friend cut in. "I'll tell you. He'd use part of it to pay that fine he got for speeding the other day."

Of course everyone wanted to know what had happened. Madge felt uneasy—she could understand anyone getting a ticket for some oversight, but speeding—that was a matter of one's own choosing. She hoped he had a good alibi.

"Hurrying to keep a class appointment." Madge knew he studied part time. "Got stuck for ten bucks. I'm sure glad that cop didn't catch me a week ago, though. I was traveling seventy then."

"On your way to school?" this from Jim.

"Yup, seems I'm always that much behind time."

Madge put her hand to her throat. Jim glanced in her direction. He didn't have to say a thing—the raised eyebrows spoke volumes. He might as well have shouted from the rooftops, "See, here we go again!"

Later he'd elaborated. "That's a residential district he goes through. Would he laugh it off so lightly if some small child had dashed into his path when he was hitting that speed?"

What could she say? Jim was right. But, how could she make him realize he couldn't look at people? Each was responsible individually before God. She could tell him it took a small man to hide behind someone else, but that would only make matters worse.

It was easy enough to say one ought not judge Christianity by those who professed to follow its precepts—but how else could one judge? If she ate a delicious apple pie she'd have every right to assume the person who baked it was a good cook. She

could understand why Jim reasoned as he did.

WITH a prayer on her lips, she ran a comb through her blond hair, pushed a couple of curls in place then hurried to keep her appointment with Jim.

"What in the world is this?" She could scarcely believe her eyes. "Where on earth did you get that old wringer and those wash tubs? what am I supposed to be? A wash-erwoman?"

"You guessed it, gal," Jim told her



as he bent his tall slim frame adjusting things the way he wanted them. "Come over here. It's for an advertisement—manufacturer wants a setup that will show just how ridiculous it is not to own an automatic washer in this day and age."

"You mean I'm supposed to pretend I'm washing clothes?" She saw he had filled the tubs. In the one containing oceans of suds was a dilapidated washboard and some soiled clothes. It always amazed her how he dug up his props.

"Put your hand in the tub—there, that's right. Now, look up. Good!" He stretched his long legs in front of him as he eased himself into a nearby chair. He sketched leisurely. "I'm glad you wore that blue dress. Now, if I can just catch the expression I want."

After what seemed like hours, Madge straightened. "Jim, I think this is silly. Why can't you draw this without a model? Couldn't you find some old pictures from Grandma's day—camouflage a young face to make it look modern and let it go at that?"

"Honey, you don't understand. I'm an artist. I've got my reputation to maintain. What if I had tried your scheme? What if the fellow I was copying had goofed with the hands, or didn't get the position right? It just wouldn't work for me. I've got to paint the real thing as I see it."

"Okay, okay, I just wondered." Madge told him as she bent over and started to rub a soiled shirt against the old-fashioned washboard.

"Stop," he told her. "Now lift your chin a bit—to the left." He indicated

the direction with his paint brush. "There, now you have it. And, Madge, see if you can do this. Try to get a dreamy longing look in your eyes."

"Jim, I can't. You know I'm not good at things like that."

"Well, try. Think about something you want more than anything else in the world. Just imagine your heart will break if you don't get it."

More than anything else in the world. She pondered the words. *Your heart will break if you don't get it.* Why, more than anything else in the world she wanted Jim to know Christ's fellowship as she knew it. *More than anything else in the world. Your heart will break. . . .* Without even trying, tears came to her eyes and before she knew it they started to spill over onto her cheeks.

"Perfect," Jim cried. "Hold it, Madge. I've got to get that expression." He painted violently. "I'll fill in the rest later—this is too good to lose."

More than anything else in the world.

MADGE didn't know how long she stood there trying to fight back the tears Jim thought were make-believe.

Finally he laid his palette down and came over to her.

"Well, I'll be! If those tears don't look real. Anything the matter, Madge?"

Her lungs felt full, her throat was so tight she was afraid she would choke. She broke away from him. She hadn't meant to let herself go to pieces like this, ever.

"You asked what's the matter? You and your fancy ideas about phonies in religion, yet here you are demanding the same thing I've been trying to make you see all the time. I'm your model. I'm alive. I'm real. When you look at me you know you are painting something that is authentic, something that no one has spoiled because this is the way God made me. But, do you look at Christ that way?" She'd started now she might as well finish.

"Oh, no! You won't take as much as one good look at Him—instead you see Him as others try to paint Him. You're the one who's a phony if anyone is!"

She was sobbing now—with every word. Suddenly she turned and ran up the steps, and down the hall into the bedroom. She threw herself on the bed and cried as she had never cried before in her life.

She apologized later. She couldn't do less. But Jim said little. He seemed to go away from her after that. He seldom spoke. And she was afraid to bring up the subject again. She'd often find him sitting staring into space when he was supposed to be reading his newspaper.

Her heart ached. She'd asked the Lord to forgive her. But even that didn't bring the solace she needed. She'd been a fine example of a Christian spouting off like she had. She'd chased Jim away instead of helping him.

The weeks passed. On her birth-

day, he had an automatic washer installed.

"My own 'ad' persuaded me," he told her.

She was studying the church page of the daily newspaper one afternoon, when Jim came over and sat on the edge of her chair.

"Mind if I go with you to church tomorrow?" he asked her.

"Mind? Jim, you know I'd be delighted."

"Here, I want to show you something." He pushed a folded magazine in front of her. She swallowed a couple of times. There was the picture, the one where she was bending over the old-fashioned washboard. The caption asked the question, "Can you imagine yourself in this role?" And, it was good! If she hadn't had an automatic she'd surely want one after seeing that "ad."

"Madge, I haven't been able to get away from that expression of yours. I think I know what it means now." She looked at the picture again. A tear hovered at the corner of one of her blue eyes.

Jim hesitated. "I was mad as all get out when you blew your top that day. Then, I got to thinking. It's taken a long time, Madge. But you were right. I'm the one who is a phony. And, Madge, now I realize I must accept Christ as my Savior—then let him be the authentic model for all my living! Funny thing—my not being able to see that before!"



Today's housewife enjoys cooking—especially when it's done by the chef at one of the better restaurants.

—HAROLD COFFIN

GET INTO THE ACT

By ARNOLD PORTER

THE children stood entranced around the slowly moving bull's head. The horns were sharp and the bull's tongue hung from its mouth as the head swayed and rose and fell. Then the children screamed as one blindfolded boy swung a baseball bat unsuccessfully at the bull's head.

A piñata party* had been arranged by two flights of WAF in basic training at the Lackland Air Force Base, Texas. The children were from the Mexican Baptist Orphans' Home, just outside the Lackland gate. The bull's head piñata was made of tissue paper laid over a hollow newspaper and bamboo framework almost as big as a real bull's head. Every bit of its inside was stuffed with small candies.

Each child took his turn being blindfolded and swinging at the head which was suspended by a rope from a tree branch. Most of the children missed but occasionally a glancing

blow would dislodge a few pieces of candy and children would pounce shrieking as the candy reached the ground. The man who held the other end of the rope moved the head so it remained intact for a long time. Finally a larger boy swung from 'way back and the shattered head rained candy over most of the crowd.

Then the WAF flights took their charges to the orphanage patio where each child received all the cake and ice cream he could eat, soft drinks and a Christmas present with his name on the package. For the service women and the children that community service made Christmas of December 25.

Get Into the Act— in the Community

Helpful projects carried on in the community like that piñata afford one way of expressing Christian concern. American servicemen and women all over the world are carrying on such projects. They are giving parties to orphans; they are taking part in United Fund drives; they are raising thousands of dollars for churches, hospitals, orphanages; they are giving needed assistance to educational programs.

Look around you and see if there is something your group needs to do

* Piñata is a Mexican word widely used in the Southwest for a container of earthenware or paper and bamboo which is made in any shape such as a ship, rooster, hat, or bull's head and is filled with candy and nuts. Thus to say "the ship piñata" or "the bull's head piñata" indicates the specific shape. An occasion at which a piñata is used is often called a piñata party.

in the community where you now live. Chances are you'll find a significant need. About the only limitations are these: local customs and laws must be observed; you will want to respect the pride of the people—a hint of paternalism or implied superiority destroys the purpose of the gift; and you must arouse concern in your own group.

When you discover something you think needs to be done, think about it awhile. Get all the facts you can and then present your idea to the chaplain. Perhaps you and he then will present it to your commanding officers. Even then they may not buy it, but you have shown Christian concern and this is important.

Here's an idea that brought great joy in Greenland.

When a C-54 loaded with Christmas trees arrived at Narsarssuak, Greenland, each year it was the chapel congregation that sent evergreens and bushels of oranges and apples across the fiord to the ancient village of Kagsiarssuk. There the catechist, the native schoolteacher and licensed preacher, would distribute the fruit to the children and decorate the village's Danish Lutheran church schoolhouse. The chapel congregation at Narsarssuak also sent several designated offerings to the dean of the Greenland churches for use in furthering the growth of his far-spread churches.

But opportunities like these do not appear only at Christmas time; they are forever knocking at your door the year around. And as we respond to these opportunities and serve, we maintain the glow of spiritual health.

Get Into the Act— in the Chapel

Who is responsible for the religious program for your organization? First of all, God. The commander is legally charged with that responsibility. The chaplain is by direction only an adviser to the commander. You as a Christian layman are religiously responsible for your own worship and conduct. So you share individually with the chaplain and the commander a responsibility given to you by God. You are all God's servants, good or bad. Each Christian has a job he can do and he must do it for the glory of God and the coming of his kingdom.

What is your job? Well, how did you find your pew last Sunday? Probably someone handed you a worship bulletin, smiled at you and then escorted you from the entrance to the pew. Had it ever occurred to you that you could be an usher?

How was the choir Sunday? Was it painful? Then it does need your services. Was it beautiful? Well, didn't you know—the tenors have all received Permanent-Change-of-Station orders to Iceland, England and Korea? Replacements are now needed.

What a Sunday school the chapel has! As ecumenical as heaven, although somewhat more confused. It has millions of kids, materials from most of the church-owned publishers, teachers from every church and rank and a united concern for Christian education. You can be trained to teach if you have never taught. Remember that someone went to the trouble to teach you.

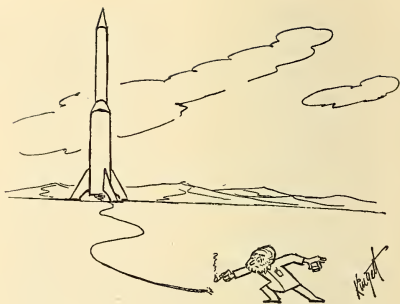
Begin as an assistant to the teacher. Get to know the children. Take roll. Assemble supplies. Blow a few noses. Stop a few fights. Start reading your Bible and praying. Watch the teacher's methods and use of materials. Then one day she will go off to Japan and you will be the teacher—and a good one, too.

Fellowship groups within the chapel afford many opportunities for serving God. If there is no Fellowship group, perhaps you should speak to the chaplain and offer your help to get one started. Sometimes a small group of concerned people who come together for prayer and sharing can revitalize a chapel situation. No matter what the name—United Fellowship, Men of the Chapel, Women of the Chapel, or just an unnamed discussion group, you'll find it a place to serve.

Get Into the Act— in the Local Church

Often as not servicemen and women go to church in town. There is no doubt about it—a church can supply many religious experiences a chapel cannot. Of course, you do get an ecumenical flavor in a chapel that may not be found in a strictly denominational setting. But there is real value in worshipping in a church of your own denomination. And even if you attend the chapel regularly, you will need to get away once in a while; and where better to go than to the church of your own denominational faith?

So look up your own church wherever you are stationed. Meet the pastor and the small groups within the



church. You may even feel led to transfer your church membership from your home church to this church near your military base. If not, you certainly will be most welcome to participate in the life of the church whether you are an active member or not.

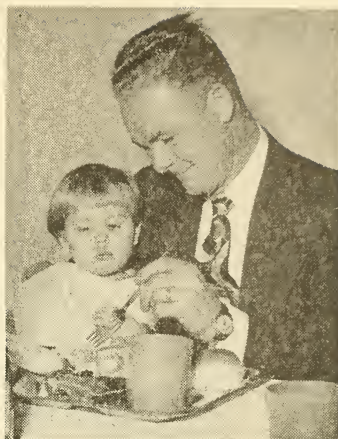
Once you are a member of a local church the whole range of parish activities will be spread before you. Take your choice: Choir, church school, functional committee member, deacon, elder. The importance lies not in what you do but in that you do something, anything for your church.

This drama the church is putting on is the biggest yet. Jesus got it going. "Upon this rock I will build my church," he said. Its message is the love of God made available to sinful man through Jesus Christ. It has endured through the ages, and it is the hope of the world.

So—don't stand around and criticize, or watch, or let others play all the parts. Get into the act! Now!

DAD FOR A DAY

By MARC WAHN



AN airman of the 86th Fighter-Interceptor Wing obviously enjoys himself as he serves his little "Guest of Honor," one of seventy-five German orphans hosted during the annual "Dad for a Day" Thanksgiving Day party.

The Diemerstein Orphanage was officially adopted by the men of the 86th Fighter-Interceptor Wing, Landstuhl AFB, Germany. This Thanksgiving party was later followed by an even bigger outing: the Annual Christmas Party, complete with St. Nikolaus, the German Santa Claus. Simultaneously, the wives of Landstuhl's servicemen threw another giant Christmas party for 406 orphans of St. Michael's Kinderheim.

The turkey dinners ("The kids ate about four times as much as an adult

could," said one airman. "Boy, could they eat!") were followed with tours of the flightline and make-believe rides inside Sabrejets (said one little tyke: "Where's the gas pedal?").

Americans can be justly proud of the men of the 86th and their brothers and sisters in the U.S. Air Force, Army, Navy and Marines. They are proving that underneath the uniform beats a heart of gold.

On Christmas Day, thousands of orphans in lands not as fortunate as ours will be guests of U.S. servicemen around the globe. What better way to celebrate the Savior's birth than by the living example of Christ's own words:

"Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the Kingdom of Heaven."



APOSTLE OF CLEAN LIVING

By GLENN D. EVERETT

The T.R. children with two of their dog pets. Left to right: Teddy, Jr., Ethel, Alice, Quentin, Kermit, and Archie.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S career as the flashing leader of the "Rough Riders" of Spanish-American War fame and as America's youngest president is well known. Much less known is the other side of his career, the devout churchman, the man who passionately preached clean living.

Teddy was born October 27, 1858, to an old Dutch family in New York City. He was a thin and sickly child and his earliest memory was of his father walking the floor with him nearly all night while he suffered from an asthmatic attack, choking and gasping, scarcely able to breathe. When he was fourteen, he was such a pale lad of short stature that his

father said to him one day, "You have the mind, son, but not the body. You must make your body. It is hard drudgery, but I know you will do it."

A little gymnasium was set up on the second floor of the house, with a set of parallel bars and a punching bag and Teddy set about building up his muscles. "I had a great admiration for men who were fearless and could hold their own in the world," he later recalled, "and I wanted to be like them."

Before long, the bigger boys learned that Teddy might be small, but he was a dynamo of action, and a young man to be respected. When he went to Harvard, he made the boxing team, became a popular student leader, and won a coveted Phi Beta Kappa key for scholarship.

Back home in New York, the Republicans were looking for a candidate for the state legislature. Teddy's

uncle had served there and the Roosevelt name was a respected one. Some of his friends decided to run him. One of them took Teddy in tow and began to explain the realities of politics. He took him around to the corner saloon. It was the first time Teddy had ever set foot in a drinking place and he didn't like it. The saloonkeeper was friendly, however.

"If you get to Albany, you'll take good care of your friends, won't you?" the bartender asked. "I'll do what I think is right," Teddy shot back. The bartender looked pained. "You won't do anything to hurt us, will you?" he asked. "I'll do what I think is right," Teddy bristled, "no matter who gets hurt." His campaign manager dragged him out of there. Teddy didn't go in any more saloons. Despite this handicap, he was elected and at twenty-three became the youngest man ever to serve in the legislature.

Politics was a corrupt game in those days and young Roosevelt hit Albany like a storm. He soon was introducing reform measures left and right and getting his name in the headlines.

Then tragedy struck. He had courted and won for his bride a beautiful Boston girl, Alice Lee. In giving birth to their first child she died. Brokenhearted, his health failing under the strain, Teddy gave up his promising career and headed West. At twenty-five he arrived in the roughest outpost of the frontier, the brawling Badlands of the Dakota territory. He was the effete young Easterner, complete with Harvard degree. He never would enter a

saloon, did not smoke or chew, and—despite the colorful man he was—was never heard by anyone to utter a single word of profanity.

But if any of the cowboys mistook him for a "sissy" they were soon set right. Teddy Roosevelt became a successful ranchman and cowpuncher. He became a leader of law and order on the frontier and later when he ran for President, those rough men were his strongest supporters.

Back home, the Republicans in 1889 were in desperate need of an honest candidate for mayor of New York. An urgent telegram went out to Dakota Territory. Would Teddy come home and run? He would and did—and was overwhelmingly defeated. President Benjamin Harrison rewarded him with a patronage appointment to the U.S. Civil Service Commission. That was a mistake. He ran roughshod over the Washington politicians. Democratic President Grover Cleveland kept him on as a thorn to the Republicans. When Republican President William McKinley came into office, he gave Teddy what he thought was an innocuous appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Teddy reformed the Navy and when war came with Spain in 1898 over tyranny in Cuba, as "T.R." had foreseen, the Navy was ready and Admiral Dewey won a big victory at Manila, Philippine Islands.

Teddy resigned and went to war, organizing a cavalry regiment from among his friends of the frontier. The "Rough Riders" made short work of the Spanish defenses in Cuba. Returning home a national

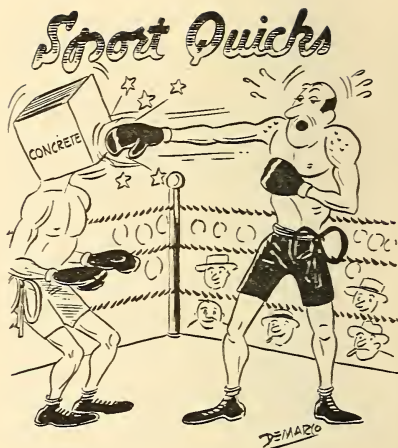
hero, Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York after a whirlwind six-week campaign. But political boss Tom Platt couldn't stand him in Albany. He conspired with Teddy's friends in the West to nominate Roosevelt for vice president in 1900. Teddy almost refused to accept it, for it looked like exile.

Less than a year later, fate intervened. McKinley was struck down by the gun of a wild-eyed anarchist. At forty-two, Theodore Roosevelt was the nation's President. The colorful battle he began to wage for reforms is history. He saved the forests and natural resources of America from the greedy exploiters who were destroying them; forced through the first Pure Food and Drug Act; battled savagely against the economic power of the "trusts"; and remade the face of America.

Meanwhile, there was another side of the energetic President—his devout faith. He had remarried and was raising a family. Every Sunday morning at ten, residents of Washington's Fifteenth Street could set their watches by the punctual appearance of the President and his family walking to church. Every morning at the White House, Theodore Roosevelt read his Bible and prayed.

A national magazine asked the President why he went to church so regularly. Answered Roosevelt, "In this world a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at religious needs, is a community on the rapid downgrade."

"A man may not hear a good ser-



Jim Jeffries had one of the hardest jaws in ring history. Both of Bob Fitzsimmons' hands were broken from hitting Jeffries on the jaw in their second fight.

mon at church," said Teddy, "but he will hear a sermon by a *good* man, who with his good wife, is engaged all the week in making hard lives a little easier."

"He will listen to and take part in reading some beautiful passages in the Bible," he continued, "and if he is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss. He will take part in singing some good hymns. He will meet, and nod or speak to, some good, quiet, neighbors."

"He will come away," Teddy added, characteristically, "feeling a little more charitable toward all the world, even toward those excessively foolish young men who regard church-going as a 'soft' performance." ■ ■



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

Summer Work Camps

This past summer one thousand young people from many countries took part in forty World Council of Churches' work camps in twenty-five countries. Youth did everything from building huts for youth activities for the Chinese YMCA in Singapore to digging pipelines in Greece. During August campers helped build a country school in Madagascar. Campers in Jordan helped build a Moravian Mission leper colony. Work campers are between the ages of nineteen and thirty; they work in small groups from twenty to thirty people; and they are international, interracial and interconfessional.

Divine Healing Study

The Church of England has had a "Commission on Divine Healing" which has been studying for five years "the theological, medical, psychological and pastoral aspects of divine healing." In a report this year to the Church of England, the Commission stated in part:

The error of Christian Science . . . is its belief that disease and suffering exist only because men will not deny their presence . . . however discord, evil, disease and suffering are not to be met by any denial of their existence.

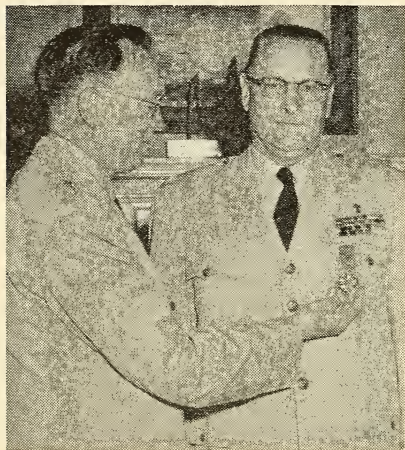
It is, in fact, equally, if not more, likely that any benefit, which these healers may give to the sick is due to their possession, perhaps unknown to themselves, of some skill, technique of manipulation or possible unusual gift of healing, which some persons seem to have.

The report suggested that a special advisory panel of clergymen and doctors be established to go still further into the matter.

Church School in Nurnberg, Germany

M/Sgt David Kirschbaum, Hq. 2nd Armored Cavalry, writes of the impressive church school work being carried on at Merrell Barracks, Nurnberg. The chapel occupies the entire fourth floor of one wing of a huge old German casern. The school meets at 9:45 A.M. with classes for kinder-

garten, primary, and junior children; for intermediates, young people, and adults. Worship, singing, project activities, discussion are part of the educational activities. Some of the active teachers are: Mrs. Arnold Dryer; Mrs. Robert K. Bamberg; Mrs. Donald L. Kinder; Mrs. Burna Rogers; Sgt. and Mrs. Richard M. Snyder; Pfc. Robert Kitcher; Mrs. Earl Norling; Mrs. Donald Snyder; Pfc. Daniel Nelson. Chaplain Robert K. Bamberg is the Protestant chaplain and Dr. Earl Norling is superintendent of the church school.



New Staff Member for General Commission

Chaplain (Col.) Glenn J. Witherspoon, USAF (right), is shown receiving the award of a second Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit from Chaplain (Major General) Charles I. Carpenter, Chief of Air Force Chaplains. Both Chaplain Carpenter and Chaplain Witherspoon

are now in new positions. Chaplain Carpenter is chaplain of the Air Force Academy; and Chaplain Witherspoon is now the Director of Chaplaincy Services for The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

Newly Literate Find Reading Is Fun

Lit-Lit (National Council's Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature) reports: The large type-face book is most popular among new adult readers; the story form of presentation is more popular than the textbook form; books on health, economics, biography and marriage and family life are in increasing demand. The Committee is undertaking a two-year study to find out what books and printed materials have the broadest appeal.

Pigs Wanted

Heifer Project, Inc., in New Windsor, Md., some time ago sent out an appeal for "125 pigs for 125 boys in Ecuador." "It's amazing what one little pig can do," the challenge said. "It is worth the income a boy would get from nine months' manual labor, and the ownership of a pig makes each boy the respected member of a sort of 'middle class'—very important to his own and his country's economy." This is a 4-H project in Ecuador.

Roman Catholic Professor at Harvard

Harvard Divinity School has announced the establishment of a pro-

fessorship in Roman Catholic studies. The chair was established by gift of Chauncey Stillman to attract to the Protestant divinity school scholars and teachers who can contribute a wider understanding of the Roman Catholic Church. The first professor will be Christopher Dawson, noted English Roman Catholic historian and author.



Marine Gift for Japanese Church

Pastor Nitta of the Takeyama Church thanks Chaplain Hansel H. Tower, Third Marine Division Chaplain, on behalf of the church for the presentation of 180,000 yen (\$500.-00) donated by the Division Protestant Chapel Fund. In his presentation remarks, Chaplain Tower said in part: "Now also on behalf of myself and the Marines stationed in Japan, I say good-by. We have

learned to love your people, your kindly friendly ways and your deep sincerity." Pastor Nitta also expressed the gratitude and love which he and his congregation felt for the Marines and their many kindnesses.

Christmas Greeting Cards

Each year more and more people all over the world are choosing to remember their friends at Christmas time by sending UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) greeting cards. They know that with each card sent they are giving a child somewhere in the world a chance for a better life. Boxes of ten cards sell for \$1.25 each. Various designs are available. For complete information write to UNICEF Greeting Card Fund at U.N. Headquarters, New York, N.Y.

PHOTO CREDITS

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When asked to furnish his school and college affiliations, a New England job applicant paused briefly, then wrote, "Korea, Clash of 1952." —Bennett Cerf in *The Life of the Party*

An old-timer is a man who can remember when virtue was a virtue and not a vice.

—DAN BENNETT



The Link Calendar

November, as the name implies, was the ninth month in the old Roman calendar, but when Pope Gregory revised the calendar, November was made the eleventh month. It had two names among the Anglo-Saxons: *Windmonath*, that is, "the winds blow furiously"; and *Blot-monath*, "the blood month, the time of slaughtering animals for winter food."

Christian activities dominate the month. There are many special days and special events. Note these six and work on them:



1. **GO TO CHURCH MONTH.** "Regular worship of God gives strength and stability to the life of the individual, family and the nation." Religion in American Life (RIAL) launches its tenth annual campaign to get people into church. "Find the strength for your life" is the theme (see poster on page 12). If you wish material on this program, write RIAL, 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. Encourage chapel and church attendance. Send letters. Put out advertising. Make personal visits. Keep check on attendance for the month. Vitalize your services.



2. **GOOD GOVERNMENT SUNDAY.** November 2. Election Day is November 4, Tuesday after the first Monday. Four American presidents were born during the month: James K. Polk, the eleventh, born on Nov. 2, 1795; Warren G. Harding, the twenty-ninth, born Nov. 2, 1865; James A. Garfield, the twentieth, born Nov. 19, 1831; Zachary Taylor, the twelfth, born Nov. 24, 1784. The U.S. Marine Corps celebrates its birthday November 10. November 19, 1863 was the day Lincoln gave his immortal address "Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." etc. This was at Gettysburg, Pa., when the cemetery of seventeen acres containing 3654 Union graves was dedicated. Nov. 11, of course, is Veterans Day.



3. **STEWARDSHIP DAY.** November 9. Man is not his own, he has been bought with a price—he belongs to God by right of creation and by right of redemption. Note the emphasis on stewardship—dedicating time, talent, and treasure to God—in the study article, "Getting Your Money's Worth" (see page 42).



4. **BIBLE READING.** The Sunday before Thanksgiving Day is November 23. Thanksgiving Day is November 27. Each year, the American Bible Society promotes a Worldwide Bible Reading Program from Thanksgiving to Christmas. Write to the American Bible Society, Dept. U, 450 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. for "Daily Bible Readings 1958." Pass these out on November 23. How about an early Thanksgiving Service on Thanksgiving Day—or a Thanksgiving Breakfast?



5. **SHARE OUR SURPLUS.** The Thanksgiving season is also the time to emphasize sharing with the needy of other lands. Appeal is being

made to secure 50 million pounds of usable clothing in the next four years (10 million in 1958) to aid needy persons overseas.



6. ADVENT BEGINS. "Advent begins on the Sunday nearest St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, and lasts the four weeks preceding Christmas." So we go right out of Thanksgiving into Christmas.

Helps for Lay Leaders

THE theme for the November study articles is: *Opportunities Unlimited*. You think you are very much hemmed in since you are in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force. But are you really? Aren't there unlimited opportunities to pray, to worship God, to engage in wholesome recreational activities, to study, to grow in the Christian life? And what about the opportunities to give time, talent, and treasure to the kingdom of God through the chapel, the program of the chaplain, and the work of the church back home?

There are five study articles since there are five Sundays:

1. Alone But Not Lonely (see page 10)

Jan Walker, a young chaplain in the Air Force, Lincoln, Nebraska, ably discusses this topic. The study aims to help military personnel away from home to cope with loneliness.

Bible Material: Matthew 28:16-20; John 14:18, 25-27.

Questions: What is the cause of loneliness? How can you overcome loneliness? What does God do for the lonely person? How do good results come from the pain of loneliness?

Hymns: "No Longer Lonely"; "If Jesus Goes With Me"; "Just When I Need Him."

2. Re-create or Wreck-create? (see page 21)

Thanks to Robert Elfers, young adult editor of *The Friendship Press* for this engaging article. Bob is a writer of fiction as well as of features and wields a facile pen.

Bible Material: Luke 2:41-52

Questions: What are the qualities of good recreation? Under what circumstances would a card game be good recreation? In what ways can work sometimes be recreation?

Hymns: "Higher Ground"; "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life"; "What a Friend."

3. The Sky's the Limit (see page 32)

Chaplain A. L. Thompson, Naval Administrative Command, N.T.C. San Diego, an effective chaplain interested in writing, has set forth some unlimited opportunities in this study article. Chaplain Thompson—as well as our other military writers—are not talking from hearsay, but what they actually see and know.

Bible Material: 2 Peter 3:14-18; Philippians 3:12-16

Questions: What can we do in our present situation to improve our understanding of the Christian faith? What is available where you are to assist in mental development? Is there or is there not such a thing as "free" time? Why?

4. Getting Your Money's Worth (*see page 42*)

Dr. Fred Helfer, minister of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, Maryland, an able writer, discusses the stewardship of time, talent, and treasure.

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 16:1, 2; 2 Corinthians 8:1-7.

Questions: How does the principle of stewardship help us to measure ourselves correctly? What do you think about the tithe? What are some of its difficulties and some of its blessings? What does the New Testament have to say about the right use of money? (Look up Matt. 6:33; Luke 12:13-21; and other verses.)

Hymns: "Give of Your Best"; "Make Me a Channel of Blessing"; "I Am Thine, O Lord."

5. Get Into the Act (*see page 50*)

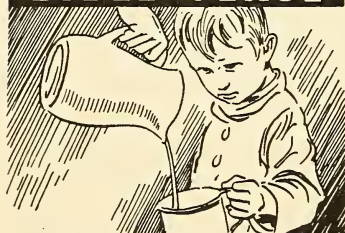
Chaplain Arnold Porter, 3510th Combat Crew Training Wing, Randolph Air Force Base, Texas, is the author of this article. He points up practical things military personnel can and should do to "get into the act" of Christian work, instead of sitting around and talking about it.

Bible Material: James 1:22-25; 2:14-26.

Questions: What opportunities for religious service do you find in the community near you, in the churches, and in your unit? Balance the advantages and disadvantages of attending the town church compared to the military chapel.

Hymns: "My Hope Is Built"; "Make Me a Channel"; "Work for the Night Is Coming."

BIBLE VERSE



And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold *water* only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. **MATTHEW 10:42**



This verse from Matthew is quite appropriate for the month with its theme of stewardship. Love is feeling your pain in my heart. How about memorizing this verse and storing it up in your mind? The pressures for our time are many, but if each day we store up something beautiful to remember, we are enriching life indeed.

Jesus stored the Scripture up in his mind and heart and then on the Mount of Temptation and on Calvary it came to him readily in answer to his need.

May we say with the psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

SOLUTION TO CROSTIC PUZZLE

(*see pages 36-37*)

No one could tell me where my soul might be;
I searched for God and he eluded me;
I sought my brother out and found all three.

ERNEST CROSBY: *The Search*

Books

Are Friendly Things

ONE of the thrilling stories of this modern age is the gigantic attack on the diseases which beset mankind. If—if we would just be Christian enough to stop forever killing through war and start saving through medicine, how wonderful it would be! But we are making progress. It is hoped that through WHO (World Health Organization) facilities, malaria will be conquered by 1960.

Do you want to know what's going on in this race against disease? *Doctors to the World* by Murray Morgan (The Viking Press, 1958, \$5.00) is a report of what's actually going on to conquer disease in twenty-two countries on four continents. Murray Morgan traveled 28,000 miles and this book is a report of what he saw.

Here is the story of the fight against malaria in Mexico—a disease that attacks 225 million people a year and 2 million die. Now sprays can poison the malaria-carrying mosquitoes; but the insects can also develop a resistance to the poisons unless they are wiped out soon.

Here is also the story of the battle against *kwashiorkor*, the most serious and widespread nutritional disorder known to medicine—the greatest killer of children in Central America.

Murray Morgan's book also tells of the efforts to control rabies (a serious virus spread by dogs, cats, wolves, the vampire bat); yellow fever; malnutrition; worms; yaws; influenza, and leprosy.

ANOTHER book tells this same story on a smaller scale. It is not the government this time, but a small group of six men who served in the Navy in Asia and who saw the need of sharing our advanced medical knowledge with a people not so fortunate. Inspired by Albert Schweitzer, this group of men, led by Dr. Thomas A. Dooley, formerly a Navy doctor, went out to Nam Tha, in the Royal Kingdom of Laos, five miles from the border of Red China to set up a small hospital—right on the very edge of tomorrow. The hospital had only thirty-five beds, but they were never idle. Dr. Dooley says: "We kept telling ourselves that these people are our brothers. As free men, we must remember that we have a duty to them."

How they started their mission, the difficulties they encountered and overcame, the diseases and superstitions they met—all make an interesting account of what a small group did to make the world a little healthier. *The Edge of Tomorrow* (Farrar, Straus, and Co., 1958. \$3.75).

THE tragic drama now being enacted in North Africa is shown in *The Sleep of the Just* by Mouloud Mammeri, young Algerian writer (The Beacon Press, 1958, \$3.50). In this story of Azouaou of Ait-Wandlous and his three sons, the conflicts between the customs of the older Islamic generation, the colonialism of the Nineteenth Century, and the younger generation who dream of freedom are set forth. Beliefs of the ancient Arab world have been swept away; the younger generation must find its way to the dawn of the new age. A thoughtful, disturbing short novel which leads one to ask, Who will help the North Africans find freedom?

AT EASE!



I'M SURE YOU'D BE VERY HAPPY WITH
THIS COZY LITTLE SINGLE.

A girl was talking about her two boy friends. "If I could combine them," she said, "I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Frank is gay, suave, rich, handsome and witty; and Don wants to marry me."

—Emily Lotney in *Quote*

A salesman asked where the manager's office was located. The gal at the information desk directed him. "Follow the passage until you come to a sign reading *No Admittance*. Then go upstairs until you see the sign *Keep Out*. Follow the corridor until you see the sign *Silence*, then just yell."

—*Friendly Adventurer*

On a U.S. Naval vessel the officer of the deck asked the starboard lookout what he would do if a man fell overboard. "I would yell, 'Man overboard,'" he replied. The officer asked what he would do if an officer fell overboard. The lookout was silent for a moment, then asked: "Which one, sir?"

—Neal O'Hara (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A sweet young thing sat in the train depot, crying steadily. A sympathetic young man watched for a while, then went over to comfort her. He gently put his arm around her and spoke soothingly. Still she sobbed on. "Isn't there something I can do," he asked, "to make you stop crying?"

"I don't think so. It's hay fever," the girl answered. "But please keep on trying."

—Phil Babet in *Pageant*

A London newspaper published the following conversation between a visiting American and an Eton schoolmaster, with the usual assurances of its absolute truth:

American: "Do you allow your boys to smoke?"

Eton master: "I'm afraid not."

American: "Can they drink?"

Master: "Good gracious, no."

American: "What about dates?"

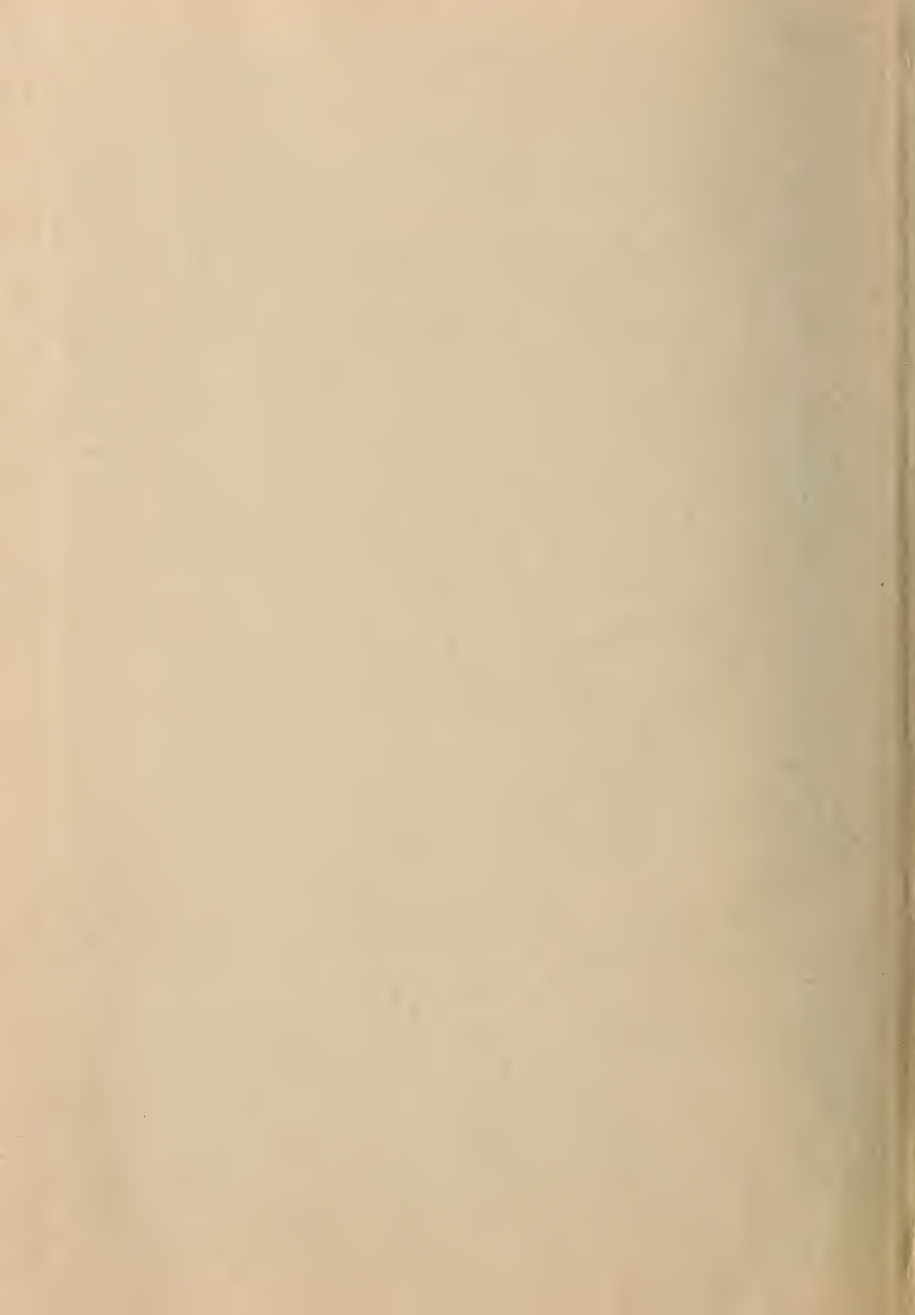
Master: "Certainly, as long as they don't eat too many."

—Don Cook in *New York Herald Tribune*

Middle age is when you decide you are thick and tired of it all.







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